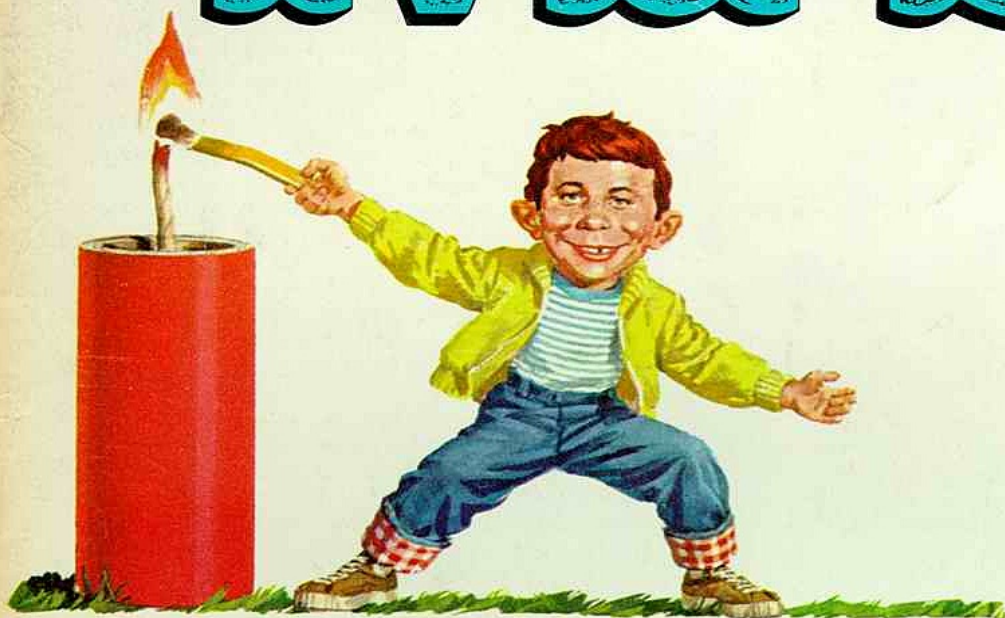


July  
'63  
No.  
80

# MAD

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PHTT-TT!



**BANG!**

*Norman Macdonald*





PHOTO BY BAREFOOT LESTER KRAUSS

## “After 33 years, our Mayjag is a-workin’ still”

“Yep, we got our Mayjag 33 years ago!” writes (or rather — dictates) Mrs. Alma Funk of Ozark, Arkansas. “Cousin Luke, who went to the big city an’ made good, sent it to us! The only thing he fergot was — we don’t have no ’lectricity up here

in the hills!

“Which is why our Mayjag is a workin’ still now! She jus’ sat in the barn fer 29 years until Paw got the idea to use it fer makin’ moonshine whiskey!

“Today, our Mayjag makes twice

as much moonshine whiskey as that fool refrigerator Cousin Luke sent us, which we also rigged up to be a workin’ still.

“Now if only Cousin Luke’d send us one of them dryin’ contraptions! What a still that would make!!”

**MAYJAG**

the *dispensable* automatics



# MAD

"Girls who try to be 'talking encyclopedias' should remember that reference books are never taken out!"—Alfred E. Neuman

**PUBLISHER:** William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

**ART DIRECTOR:** John Putnam **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner

**ASSOCIATE EDITORS:** Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin

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**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:**

The Usual Gang of Idiots

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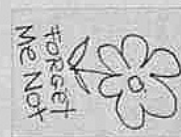
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## MUTINY ON THE BOUNCY .....4



Marlon Brando casts his breadfruit on the waters, gets a good slice of the box-office take, and ends up with a crumby picture.

## OLD AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS .....12



It's fun looking back at idiotic things we've written in autograph albums, but it may not be fun for these famous celebrities.

## DOG OWNERS .....18



Some **MAD** fans may start growling at David Berg's satirical look at canine owners ... and Dave could wind up in their doghouse.

## MISERY IS A COLD HOT DOG .....24



A **MAD** version of Charlie Schulz's book about the happy things of childhood. Mainly, all we can remember are the awful things.

## HOW A BEST-SELLER IS BORN .....29



Once upon a time, there was a novel approach to American literature, but today's publishers rather their books show a profit.

## THE MAD BASEBALL PRIMER .....33



This primer explains the Great American Pastime in terms that all clods can understand — even the clods who play the game.

## FATHER'S DAY CARDS .....36



You might say that we're reaching pretty far with cards from special people, but they'd be funnier yet if they reached **FATHER!**

## THE TENTH HOUR .....43



This **MAD** version of that TV-Psychiatrist show may be a traumatic experience for any of you Jung folks who are a-Freud to laugh.



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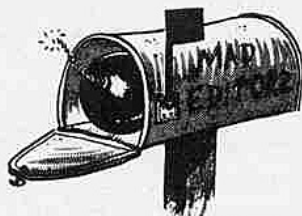
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That's right! Buy full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid, and take 3 months to pay your other bills! Take 6 months if you like! Just send us hard cash! We don't trust nobody! They're 25¢ each. Mail money to MAD, Dept. "What-Color?" 850 Third Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

## LETTERS DEPT.



### CHESS BORED

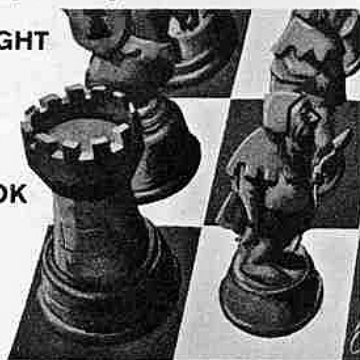
Concerning your "Modern Chess" article in MAD #78—you thought that by having Bob Clarke illustrate a dark square in the lower right hand corner of each half of the board (instead of a light square, as it should be!) that all the MAD chess addicts would write in and correct the error, thus supplying you clods with letters for your Letters Dept. Well, I'm not going to write in like you want me to! I'll leave the job up to the other chess players! How do you like that?

Philip Logan  
Purdue University  
W. Lafayette, Indiana

We like it fine! And we won't print any of the thousands of letters that did come in pointing out our goof!—Ed.

### KNIGHT

### ROOK



Shoulda Been White!

### NOSTALGIC MAD FAN

In the old days, MAD Magazine aimed its satire at such allied industries as comic books and advertising. Today, the admitted clods at MAD aim their barbed shafts at government, art, politics and anyone else unfortunate enough to stand in their way. Today, thru progress, MAD is sharply satyric, bitter, pointed and fraught with meaning. Once upon a time, MAD was *funny*!

Rick Wood  
Memphis, Tenn.

## GREAT IDEA?

### Canvas Confidential



A Backward Glance at the World of Art  
by Sy Reit and Frank Jacobs - Paintings by Kelly Freas

Don't you think it would be a great idea if you would tell your readers about that sensationally funny book, "Canvas Confidential"—written by MAD writers Sy Reit and Frank Jacobs with art work by Frank Kelly Freas—which is on sale at bookstores throughout the country?

Sy Reit  
Frank Jacobs  
Frank Kelly Freas

Not particularly!—Ed.

### MAD SPY STORY

The purpose of OSI is to simulate enemy sabotage activities to prevent laxity in security procedures that normally occur during peacetime. The agents may only use materials that would be available to enemy agents. We of Team 7 would like to thank you for the "MAD Window Stickers" in "More Trash From MAD #5." The "PRESS" sticker, plus forged I.D. cards enabled us to penetrate Otis AFB and leave after the operation was completed.

D. D. Harriman, 1st Lt.  
Charles Burlick, 2nd Lt.  
Intelligence Group 7  
OSI, Handscom AFB  
Boston, Mass.

### INTELLIGENCE QUESTION

In studying Astronomy, one of the major questions covered is whether there is any intelligent life on other planets. After noting the popularity of the garbage you laughingly call a magazine, I'm beginning to wonder whether there is any intelligent life on THIS planet.

Jeff Spencer  
Weston, Mass.

## BEYOND THE STATUE OF LIMITATIONS

... BUT STILL CONSIDERED A CRIME!

Mainly that we're asking everyone to order ...

### A BISQUE CHINA BUST OF ALFRED E. NEUMAN

#### MAD BUST

850 Third Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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I enclose

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ for:

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Check size(s)  
and enclose  
proper amount

(NO ORDERS SHIPPED OUTSIDE THE U.S.A.)



## EAST SIDE STORY

Gentlemen, you have absolutely outdone yourselves! If you never write another line, never print another picture, or never publish another article, you can rest on your laurels from "East Side Story" for all time. I could have closed the magazine after reading this (and singing along), never received another issue of my subscription, and I would have had my money's worth ten times over. My heartiest congratulations and thanks.

Don Schectman  
Northvale, N. J.

Congratulations! "East Side Story" was positively brilliant. Frank Jacobs has written some great things in the past, but this tops them all. Mort Drucker's art work, ditto. This kind of creative comedy is just not to be found anywhere but in the pages of MAD. Except, of course, when the Washington news gets to swinging. Backpats all around.

Dom Cerulli  
Verve Records  
New York City, N. Y.

It was terrific! One of the best musical satires you've ever done!

Frances Gangone  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The cleverest satire you've published.  
Max Silberman  
E. Stroudsburg State College, Pa.

They say we can't be trusted!  
They say that we are crooks!  
They say we're mal-adjusted!  
They say that we are schnooks!  
They say we are offensive!  
They say we are obscene!

Khrushchev . . . we don't . . . like the whole routine!

Oh, Commissar Khrushchev, we're sayin' good-bye!  
And you can keep your Communistic "pie-in-the-sky"!  
Oh, Commissar Khrushchev, us Reds are all through!  
Gee, Commissar Khrushchev—Khrush you!



Congratulations! "East Side Story" is a big hit here at 24th Street.

Pat Costello  
RCA Victor Records  
New York City, N. Y.

"East Side Story" is truly a satiric masterpiece.

Marlene Sterling  
Chicago, Illinois

Your artist and writer are to be commended for a fantastic job. It was absolutely the most biting satiric fling anyone has ever taken at Communism, and it was 100% wonderful.

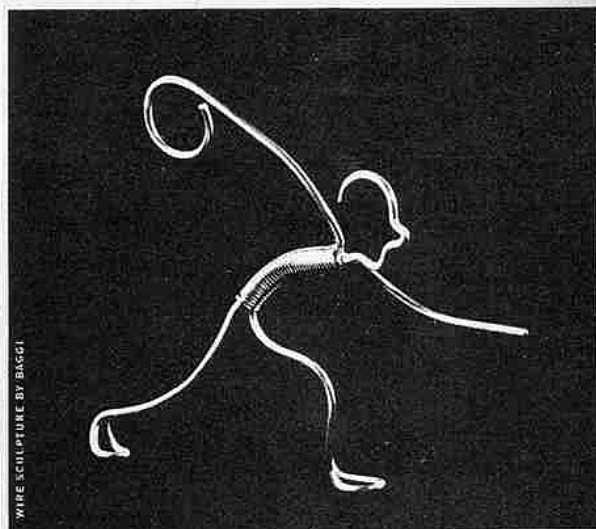
Veronica Del Genovese  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your horrible attempt at humor in the form of propaganda ("East Side Story" #78) is in extremely poor taste, and is another example of your "yellow journalism." The American people are given a distorted picture of the East in the press, but this "satire" is the worst distortion I've seen. If I'd been a subscriber to MAD, I would ask you to end my subscription. As it is, I will simply stop wasting my money on it. I'm sure after reading this issue, many others will do the same.

Miriam Weixel  
Long Island City, N. Y.

Please address all correspondence to:  
MAD, Dept. 80, 850 Third Avenue  
New York City 22, New York

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Your pitch didn't exactly bowl me over, but I happen to have some pin money to spare. Here's my \$2.00. Please enter my name on your subscription list, and send me the next nine issues of MAD. If I don't split my sides laughing over 'em, they'll all end up in the gutter!

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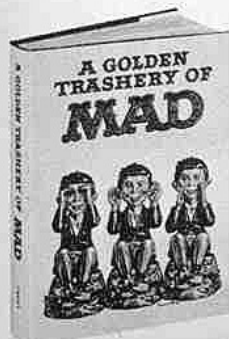
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Yes, this is positively the very last copy we'll ever write trying to sell . . .



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## TEE-HEE-TI DEPT.

Back in 1936, M-G-M made an excellent version of "Mutiny on the Bounty" starring Clark Gable and Charles Laughton. Since that was such a great movie, you all may be wondering why M-G-M didn't just go ahead and re-release it—in-  
stead of making the whole thing all over again. Well, the reason is obvious: The original film cost less than 18 million dollars to make! And as any idiot knows, you can't get people away from their TV sets and into the theaters with films that cost less than 18 million dollars to make! Fortunately, we at MAD don't have them problems. We would've paid our writer the same rate no matter which version he wrote about. So here is our version—which cost a good deal less than 18 million dollars to make . . . 18 dollars and 50 cents, to be exact . . . of the re-make of

# MUTINY ON THE



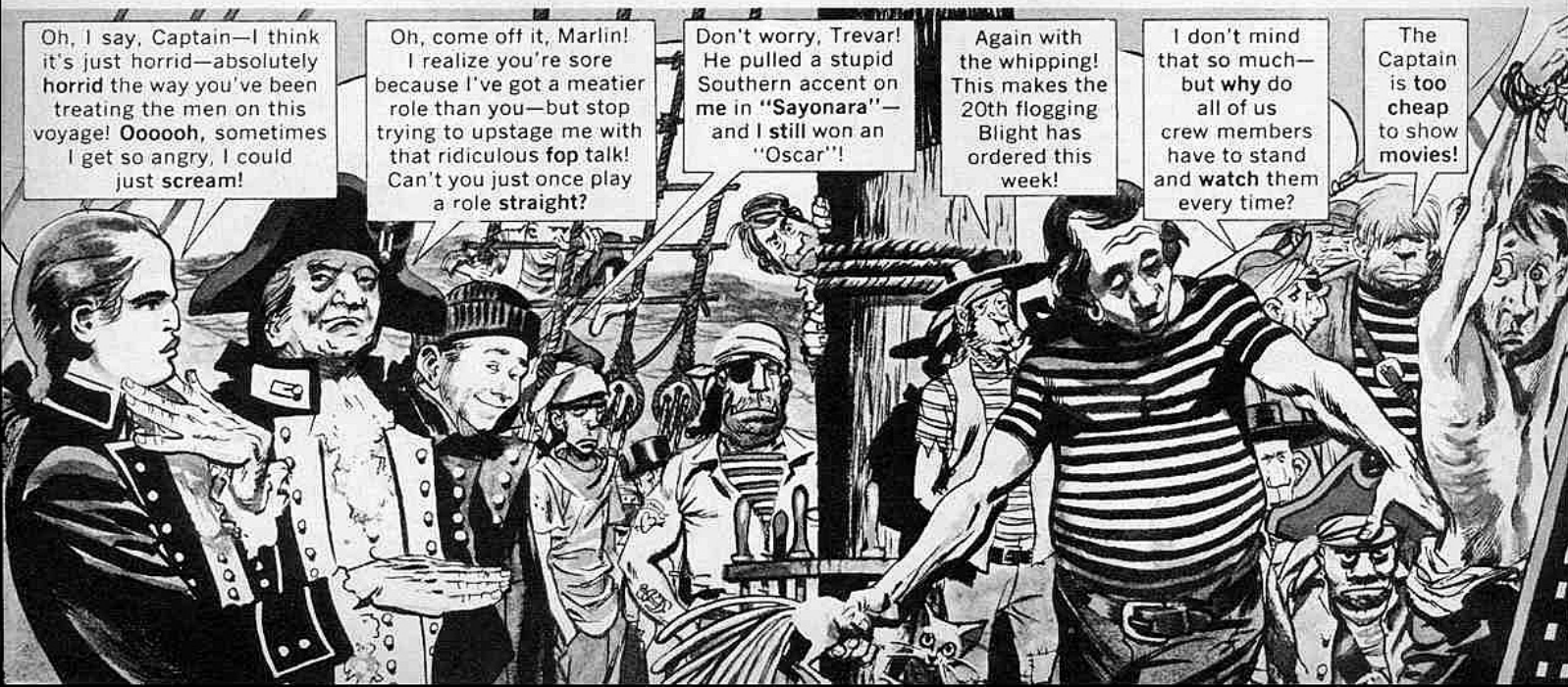


# BOUNCY

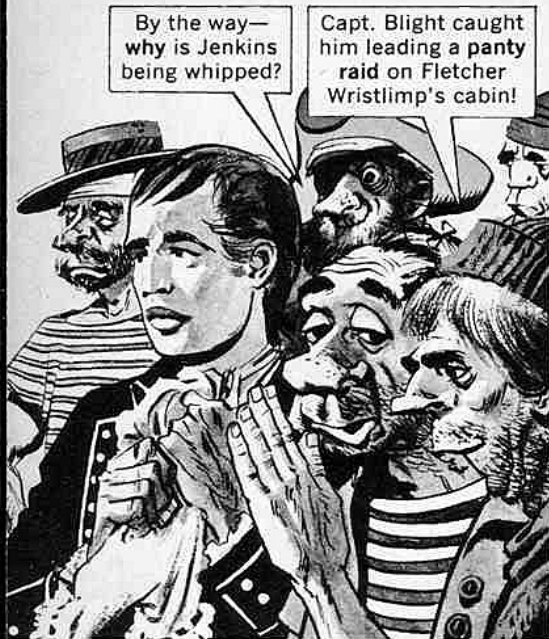


ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL







By the way—  
why is Jenkins  
being whipped?

Capt. Blight caught  
him leading a panty  
raid on Fletcher  
Wristlimp's cabin!



You dirty rotten  
sadistic inhuman  
beast!!

So—trying to attack the Captain,  
eh, my good man! We have methods  
of discipline to deal with that!  
Right, Mr. Wristlimp?

My word, yes, Captain!  
Oh, yes indeed! I'll  
take care of it at once!



Mr. Wristlimp! I believe  
you miss the point! This  
man is to be hanged from  
the yardarm by his thumbs!  
Sending him "under the  
mill" is hardly proper  
punishment!

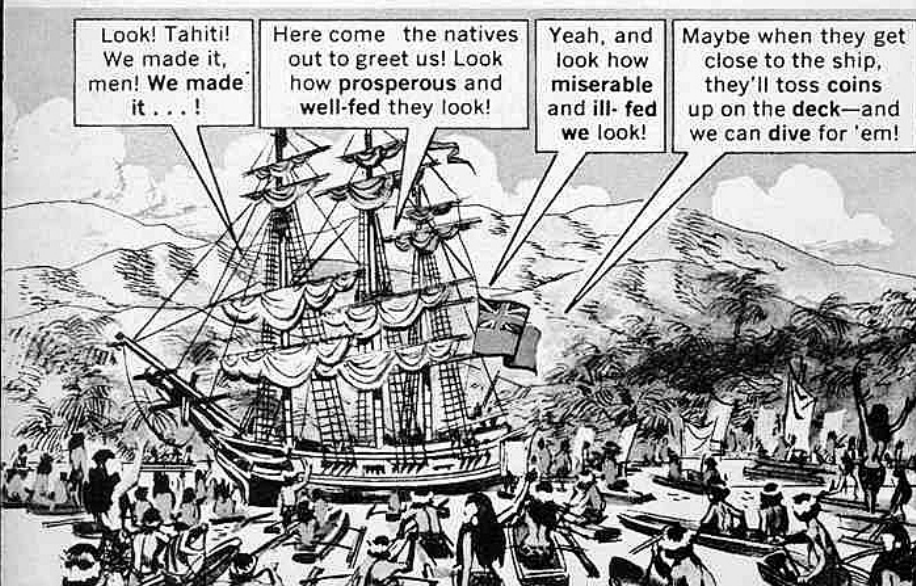
Ooooh, you're  
such an old  
meanie, Capt.  
Blight! I  
could just  
spit!



You look troubled, Fletcher. Your  
mind seems wracked with indecision.  
Is Captain Blight's cruelty getting  
you down? Huh, Fletcher? Huh? Hah?  
*Psst! C'mon Marlin, it's your line!*

I really don't think I'll  
deliver my line today! I'm  
just not inspired! The sea  
isn't exactly right—the  
wind is a little too strong  
in my hair—and the moon is  
one day past full! We'll have  
to try again next month!

Hoo-boy!  
Another  
million  
down the  
drain!!



Look! Tahiti!  
We made it,  
men! We made  
it...!

Here come the natives  
out to greet us! Look  
how prosperous and  
well-fed they look!

Yeah, and  
look how  
miserable  
and ill-fed  
we look!

Maybe when they get  
close to the ship,  
they'll toss coins  
up on the deck—and  
we can dive for 'em!



Holy mackerel! Look at the gorgeous  
girls! Millions of gorgeous girls!  
I've never seen such gorgeous girls  
in my life!

Shh! Quiet!  
Watch out!  
Here comes  
their chief!



Hi, guys! Welcome to Flip City, the capital of Tahiti. We've got a real swinging spot here, and we hope you have a fun time with us! Just show us your keys, and our Bunnies will check you in at the club . . . !

Boy, these savages certainly know how to live!

Man . . . dig that crazy dance!! Did you ever see such action!

Well, keep your eye on it! It's the only action you'll be seeing in this action picture! There's not one fight or duel!

I told you! I can't stand violence!

I hear the hair-dresser for this movie is up for an Academy Award for "BEST CAMOUFLAGING JOB FOR A WIDE-SCREEN TECHNICOLOR PICTURE"!



Tell me, Mamamia—of all the sailors on the "Bouncy", why did you pick me to make love to?

What make love?! I thought you were the Avon representative!!

Timati, I'd like to hang you by the thumbs until you scream for mercy. I'd like to tie you to a tree and whip you till your ribs show. I'd like to put bamboo splints under your nails, and set fire to them. I'd like to—

Gee, what a magical place Tahiti is! Even Capt. Blight is in love!!

What a simple, happy people! They laugh and sing and have fun all day long! What's that joyous dance that group over there is doing?

I think they're celebrating a death in the family!



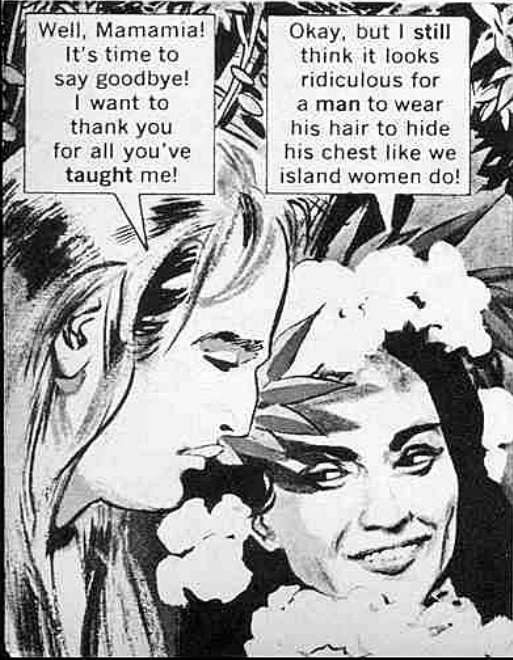
Well, Mamamia! It's time to say goodbye! I want to thank you for all you've taught me!

Okay, but I still think it looks ridiculous for a man to wear his hair to hide his chest like we island women do!

Okay! Fun was fun, guys! True, the girls on Tahiti were beautiful, and life there was ideal—but we have a job to do! You have to admit it's great to be back on the ship—to feel the wind blowing in your face—to taste the salt in the air—and to be sailing on to distant horizons for King and Country . . . !

What's with Herbie?

He's delicious! What else? It must be the sea water he's been drinking! Blast Captain Blight for taking away our water rations!





Mr. Wristlump, the men are becoming delirious since the Captain took away our water rations. How about a mutiny?

My word, what a dreadful thing to say! Don't you dare mention mutiny on this ship again!



Mr. Wristlump, Captain Blight is now flogging the men **two at a time!** And he's making all the other men watch! He calls it a "Double Feature"! Don't you think we should mutiny?

Sorry, but ours is not to reason why! We must obey the Captain . . . regardless of how we may feel about him personally!



Mr. Wristlump, Captain Blight is now keel-hauling the men. Keel-hauling is not legal like whipping, and it's not clean like starving. It's merely against the Articles of War. How about a little mutiny? Just the two of us? Huh? What do you say? I'll be your buckie!

While I sympathize with you, Millz, you must remember that the Captain is the supreme commander of his ship. His word is law, whether we like it or not. And now, if you'll excuse me, it's a bit late—so I shall retire!



Goodnight, Mr. Wristlump!

Ooooooh! Oooh, you . . . you . . . you nasty thing! Ooooooh, I'm so annoyed with you! **MUTINY! I'M TAKING OVER THIS SHIP!!!**



You terrible man, you! I patiently stood by while you flogged the men. I allowed you to starve them. I let you put them in chains, and keel-haul them. All this I excused. But now . . . you have committed an unpardonable sin! **YOU'RE WEARING THE SAME NIGHTGOWN AS ME! WE CLASH!!** Oooooooh, I'm so angry!

All those in favor of a mutiny against the Captain, stand with me!

Begging your pardon, Mr. Wristlump. I realize that you lost your temper. But I do think the men would be more impressed if you stabbed him in the arm with a sword—instead of slapping him in the face with your hankie!





Stab him with a sword! I should say not! I want him in perfect health when we bring him back to England to face charges of cruelty, sadism, murder, and conduct unbecoming an officer . . . mainly style-swiping!!

Back to England? Did you hear that, men? Is that what you mutinied for—to go back to England?

I'm for going back to Tahiti and a life of pleasure in the sunshine with those gorgeous Tahitian girls. All those in favor of a mutiny against the mutiny, stand with me!!



Oooh, you fools! He wants you to go back to Tahiti so a British Man-O-War will find you. Look, he's been leaving a trail of breadfruit trees for them to follow!

If you don't want to go back to England, we'll find some unknown island with sunshine and gorgeous girls. All those in favor of a mutiny against the mutiny against the mutiny, stand with me!

Hold it! Hold it! We're not going back to England! And we're not going back to Tahiti! And we're not going to an unknown island!!

What's this? A mutiny against the mutiny against the mutiny??

That's right!!

Where do you propose to sail to?

Back to Hollywood!

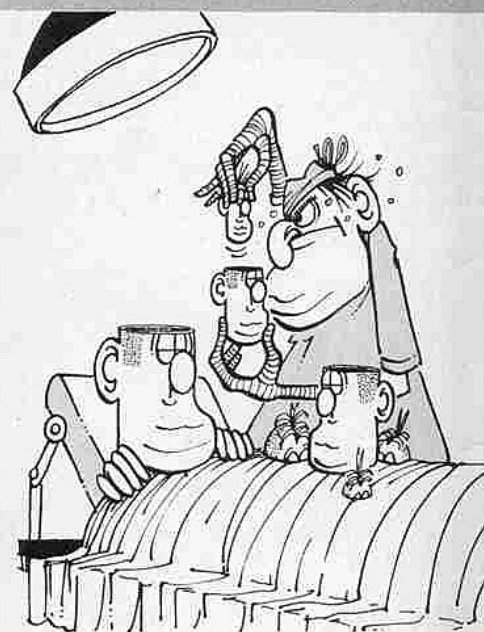
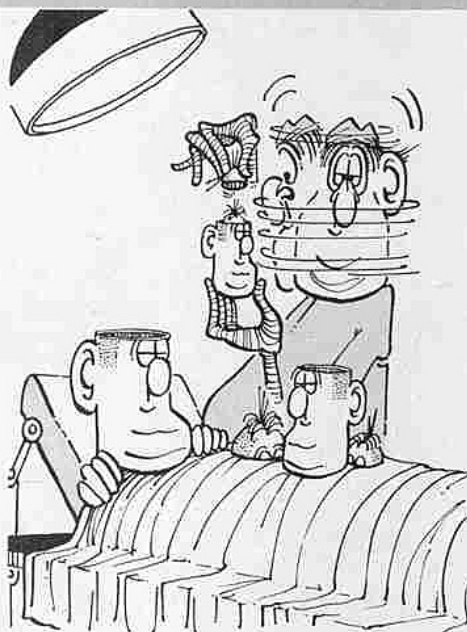
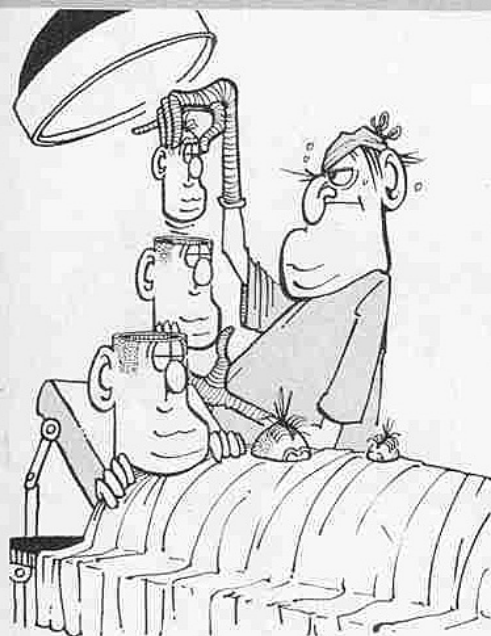
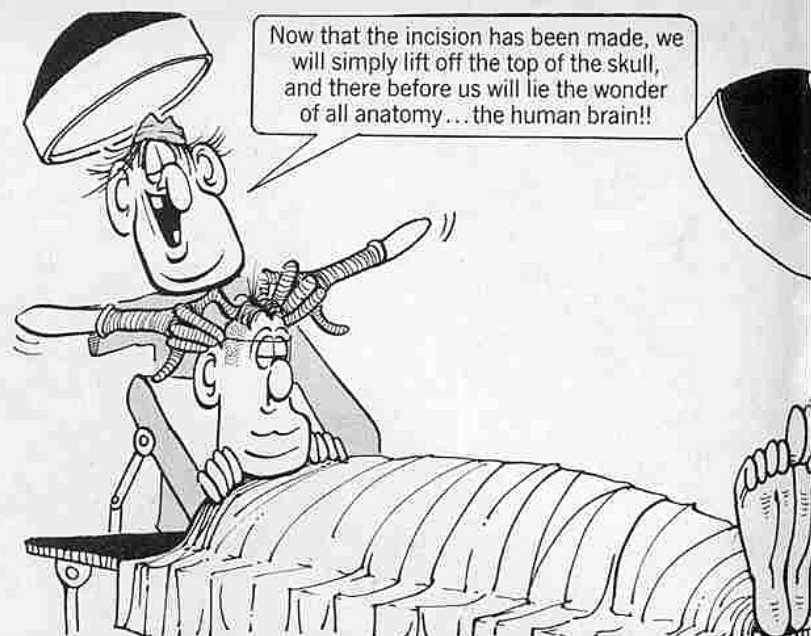


We represent the stockholders of this company, and the way this movie has been dragging on, it looks like M-G-M is going to be bankrupt! So if you ever want to collect your salaries, you'll end this picture now—and stand with us!

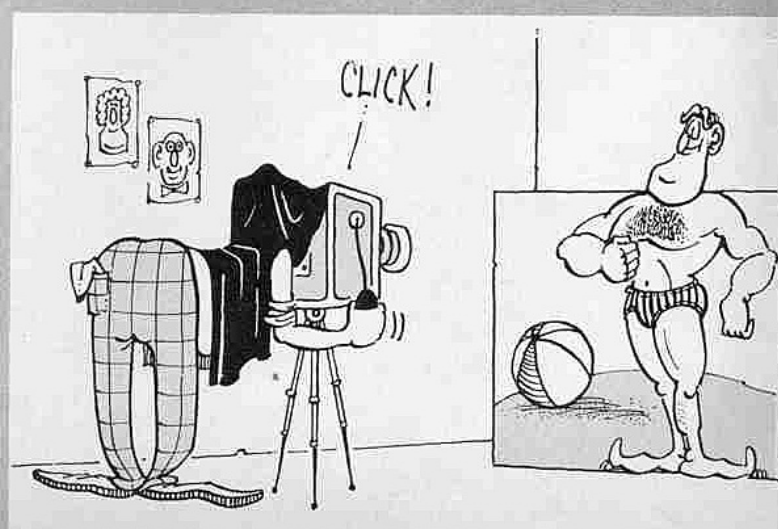
That's better! Hoist the new standard, and let's turn this ship around . . .



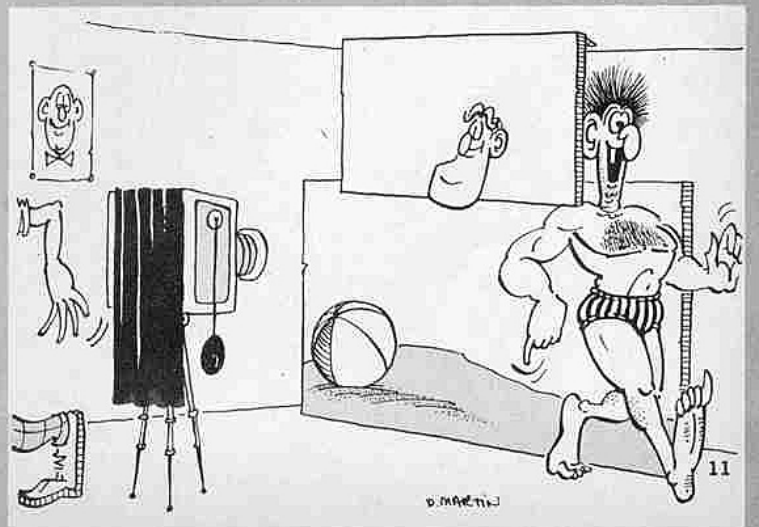
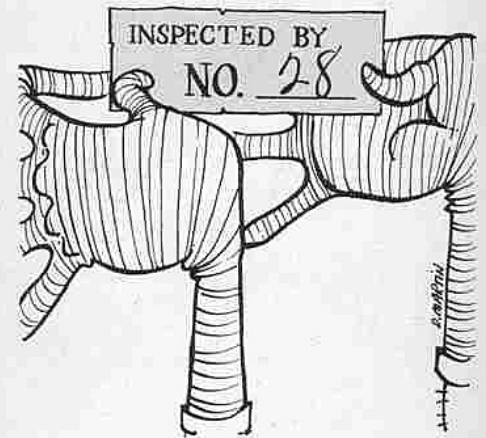
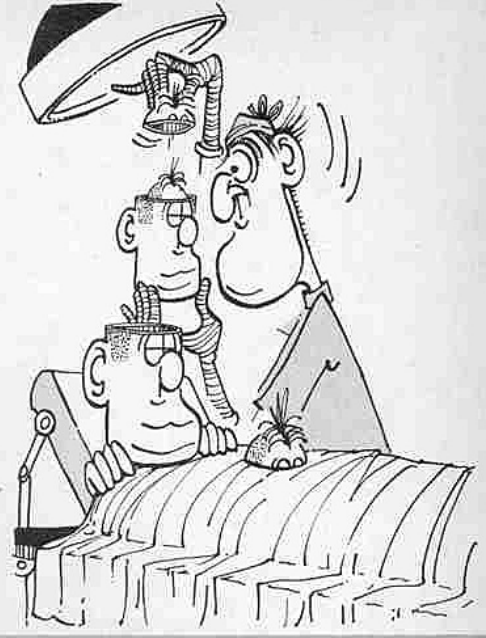
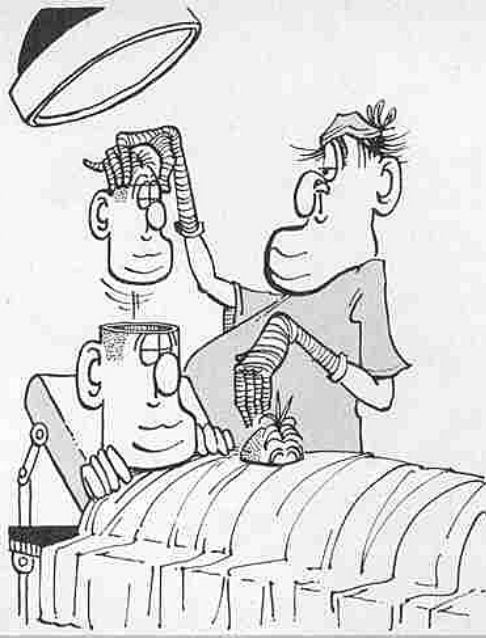
# BRAIN SURGERY



# ON THE BOARDWALK







## BLACKBOARD JINGLE DEPT.

When kids graduate from school, they run around like crazy getting everyone in their class to sign their autograph albums. Now, you may think this is pretty dopey, but don't be so smug: (Look at the magazine you're reading, f'rinstance!) At some future date, these autographs could become very valuable! Like, how do you know that the creep who sat next to you won't grow up to be a Congressman, or a Bank Robber, or something worse yet? He might even become famous! Then you would have a priceless autograph of a famous person when he was twelve years old! Wouldn't that be great? We here at MAD thought so . . . until we did some hunting, and came up with these

# CHERISHED PAGE FROM OLD AUTO

THE BACK BAY SCHOOL, BOSTON, MASS.

To Donald:  
Be independent  
And you'll be wise;  
When you grow up,  
Cut all family ties!  
your fellow classmate,  
John F. Kennedy

Public School No. 5, Vienna, Austria

To Otto:  
From one good friend to another--  
I really think you're grand,  
But sometimes you perplex;  
How come from morn'til night  
You only think of SEX?!  
You have too good a mind to waste on such  
unimportant things!  
your pal,  
Sigmund Freud

THE CHAUNCEY SCHOOL, LONDON

To Rodney--  
All day,  
All night,  
Might makes right  
Fight, fight, fight!  
your friend,  
Bertram Russell

Barcelona Day School, Barcelona, Spain

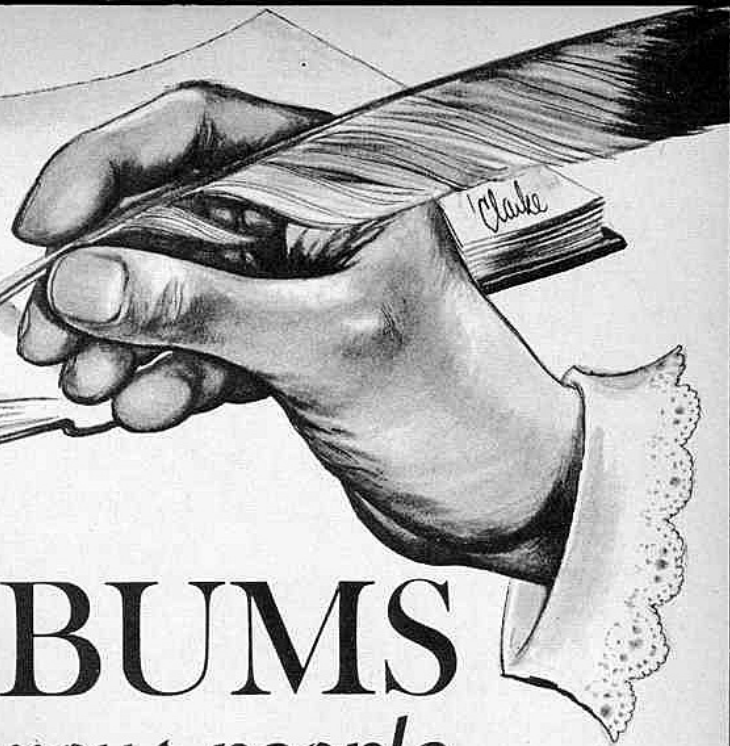
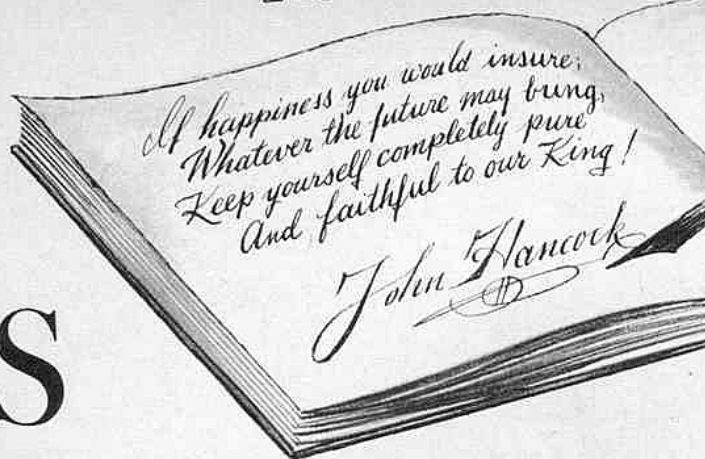
to Juan,  
Remember the Schoolhouse  
Remember the Brook  
Remember the Fellow  
who Messed up YOUR BOOK  
YOUR FELLOW CLASSMATE  
PABLO PICASSO  
oops! just a Plot

MISS LOPEZ

FORGET ME NOT

FRIENDSHIP





# ES GRAPH ALBUMS

*signed by some famous people*

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: STAN HART

**Bismarck School, Wurttemberg, Germany**

*to Fritz:*

Here's to my dear classmate  
Who helped me out of a jam  
When you let me copy  
From your Math Final Exam!  
I'll never forget you,  
Albert Einstein

**The Davey Crockett School District 5, Texas**

*To Slim:*

Strive for "First Place"  
Though the going be rough  
'Cause just "Second Best"  
Is not good enough!  
Your sidekick,  
Lyndon Johnson

**P.S. 193, BROOKLYN, N.Y.**

*to Milty,*

Milty had a steamboat  
The steamboat had a bell;  
Milty went to heaven,  
The steamboat went to-toot!  
your friend,  
Henry Miller

**P.S. 6, LAWRENCE, MASS.**

*to Harold,*

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue  
Aren't you glad  
You finally graduated from this school?  
your buddy,  
Robert Frost



M.G.M. STUDIO SCHOOL CULVER CITY, CAL.

To Debbie,

There are small ships;  
There are big ships;  
But the best ships  
Are friendships!

4-Get-Me-Not  
Elizabeth Taylor

Miss Phipps School—Philadelphia, Pa.

To Florence:  
From your fellow "American Legion Award Winner"—

Always love your country,  
It's a great, great home;  
It's the land from where you'll  
Never want to roam!

Best of luck,  
Grace Kelly

PRINCE ALEXEI SCHOOL, ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA

To IGOR:

I'LL N3V3R FORG3T YOU

'THOUGH YOU'R3 N3AR OR FAR  
I THINK YOU AR3 GR3AT  
LIK3 OUR D3AR KINDLY CZAR!

YOUR SCHOOL CHUM,

NIKITA KHRUSHCH3V

**SOUTH SIDE SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILL.**

to Phil,

In the important game of life  
there's just one way to play it:  
If you can't say something nice,  
It's better not to say it!

your Pal,  
Jack E. Leonard

Budapest School, Budapest, Hungary

to Zoltan,

You are my hero,  
I am your love  
You are the only boy  
that I will ever love!

Yours til Gibraltar rocks,

Zsa Zsa Gabor

**Yorba Linda, Cal. Grade School**

To Artie,

As you go through life,  
Always remember this motto:  
It matters not if you win or lose,  
it's how you play the game.

your fellow grad-u-8,  
Richard Nixon



# MOVIE DIALOGUE WE'D LIKE TO HEAR

A COLLECTION OF "REVERSE CLICHES" DESIGNED TO INJECT NEW LIFE INTO OLD "SURE-FIRE DIALOGUE"

But, Professor Zander! You're not a scientist! Surely **YOU** believe in all this superstitious nonsense!

Go out there tonight, and be mediocre, baby! I just heard that Flo Zeigfeld isn't in the audience!

Yes, Danny and Marsha were inseparable! You never saw one without the other! But since her unexpected death, he's been having the time of his life!

I got plenty of use for a loser, Snivvly! You're hired!

I'm afraid I have some bad news, Mrs. Marshall! There's been a crash! Your husband was one of the survivors!

You know honey . . . you look awfully ugly when you're angry!

ARTIST:  
GEORGE  
WOODBIDGE

WRITER: HARRY PURVIS

## SPEAKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

Recently, the guys who started the adult coloring book craze (if you don't count "The MAD 'Down-To-Earth' Coloring Book" in issue #58, published in 1960) with the "Executive Coloring Book" decided to give their imitators something new to imitate.

"Look What's Talking!" seemed logical, since the trend is for things to take over the world anyway — like beginning with people's jobs. Hence this book of anthropomorphic humor. Don't ask us what "anthropomorphic" means — that's what the authors

# LOOK WHAT'S T

By Dennis M. Altman, Martin A. Cohen & Robert E. Natkin; from an idea by Robert G. Fryml

FAST! FAST! FAST!

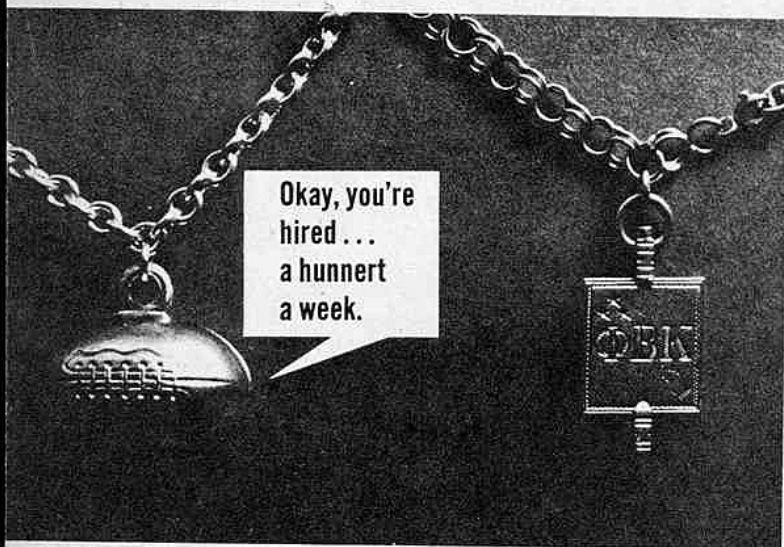
Go to hell.



Achtung!



Okay, you're hired...  
a hunnert  
a week.



You... ha ha ha... mean after they...  
oh ha ha giggle... after they chew  
... they ha ha ha hee haw hee...



Big deal, so  
you can do one  
lousy trick!

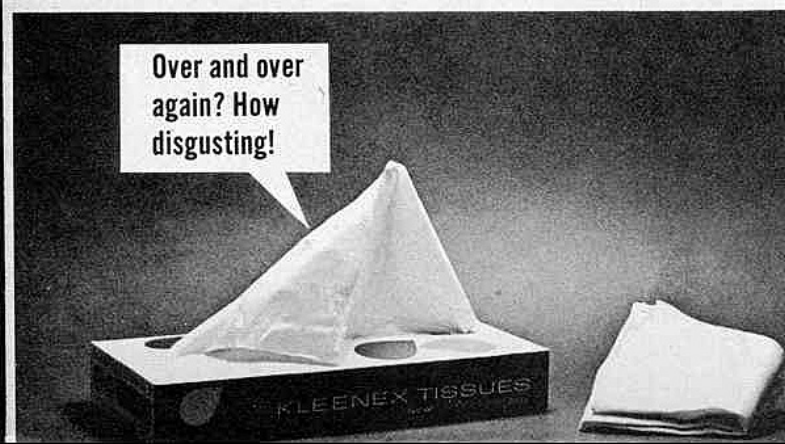
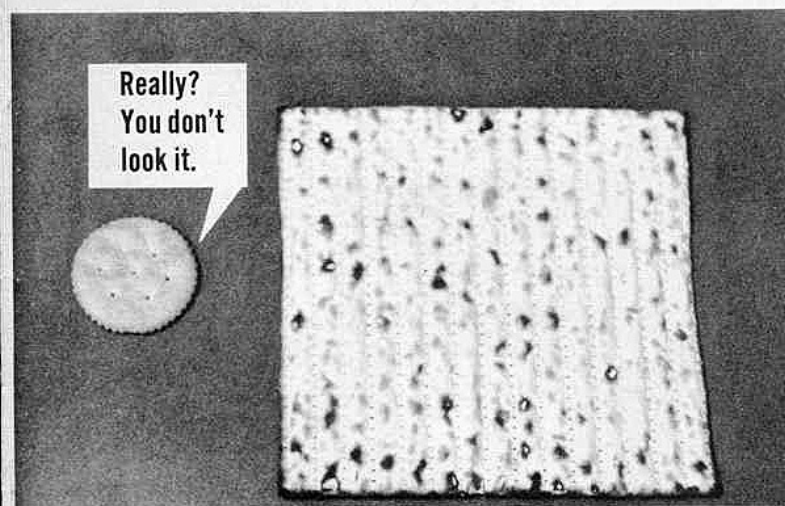




call this junk. Anyway, you can get this book at your local book dealer. If he hasn't got it, you could burn all his other books and maybe work him over a little. Or perhaps you won't even want to bother, once you've seen these sample photos from

# TALKING!

Copyright 1962, by Far Flung Enterprises



# BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

The following article by David Berg is about dogs and their owners, and although you may not be interested in either, you will read the article and begin to laugh as soon as the bell rings. Get that? You will read the article and begin to laugh as soon as the bell rings! Understand? Okay, ring the bell, Mr. Pavlov . . .

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

What do you mean, "the dog hasn't been fed!"? Don't I do enough around here? YOU feed him for a change!!



Don't just stand there, you lazy good-for-nothing! Can't you see I'm busy? Feed the dog!!



Get going, you punk kid! There's work to be done around here! The dog hasn't been fed!!



Daddy, can we have a dog? Huh, Daddy? Please Daddy?



Please, Daddy? Please say "Yes"! Please???

I'll get you a dog under one condition! You must take care of him! That means walking the dog three times a day, no matter how bad the weather is!!



We promise, Daddy! We promise!!

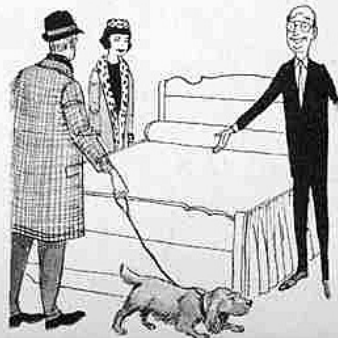


We're interested in a nice comfortable double bed for us!



Step this way, please . . .

Do you mind if we test it?



Be my guest!

UP, boy . . .



Look, honey! He likes it!



Okay, we'll take it!



# DOG OWNERS

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



It's your turn to feed the dog tonight, stupid! Move!



Go feed the dog, or I'll tell Mom who cracked that vase . . .



Bad dog! 'Cause of you, I'm always in trouble! Just for that you don't get any supper!!



"The Washington Post" isn't bad!

Neither is "The Chicago Tribune"

Personally, I like "The Denver Post"!

That's okay, but "The Philadelphia Inquirer" is better!

But best of all is the "Sunday New York Times!"

You said it!

You get 8 pounds of newspaper all at once!

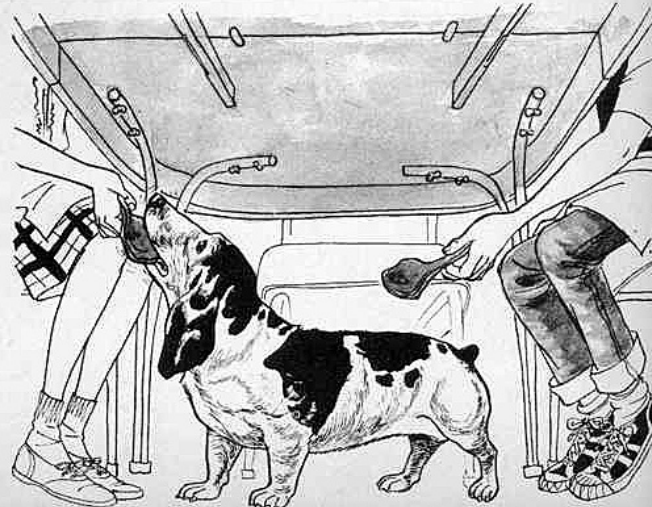
Yep! When it comes to PAPER-TRAINING A PUPPY, you can't beat "The New York Times"!!

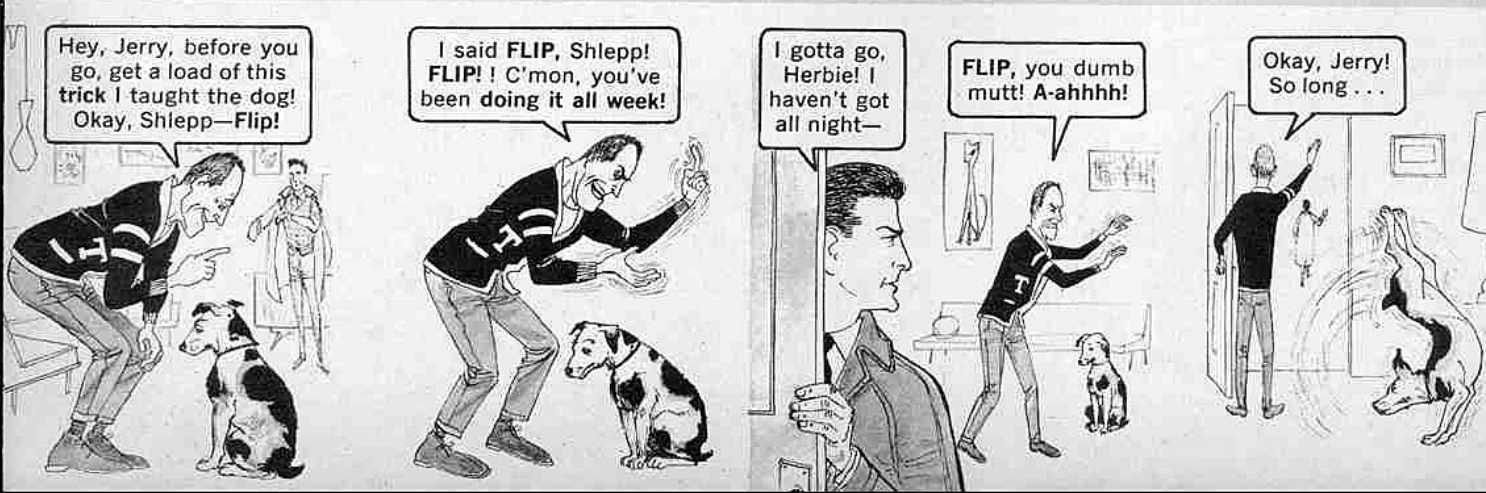
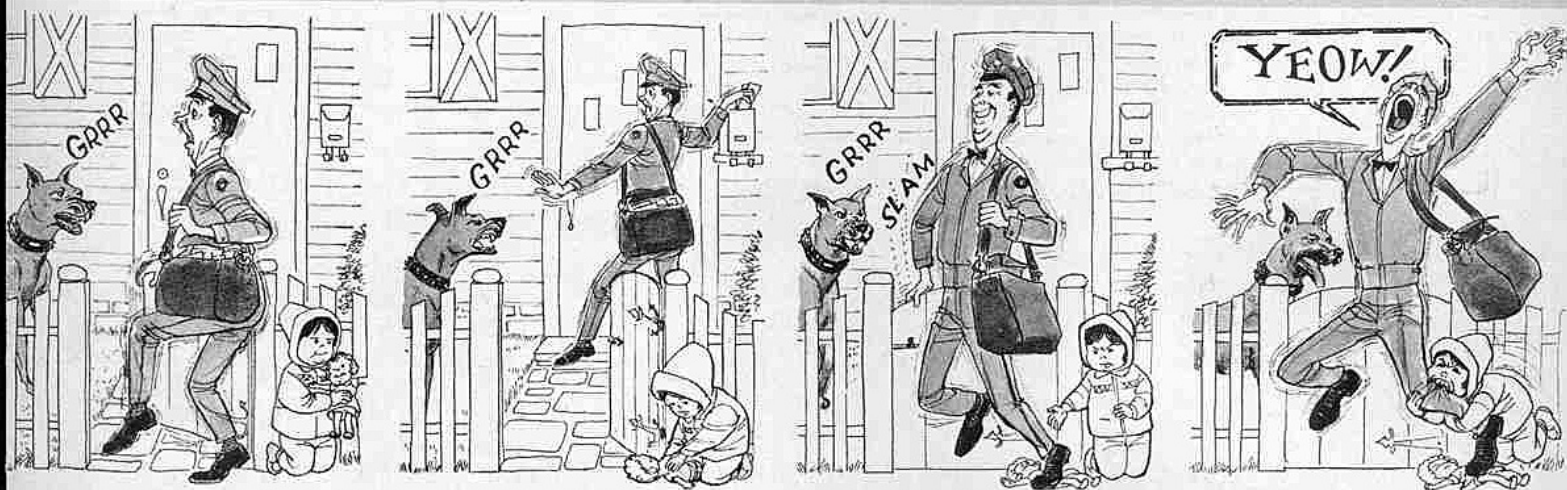
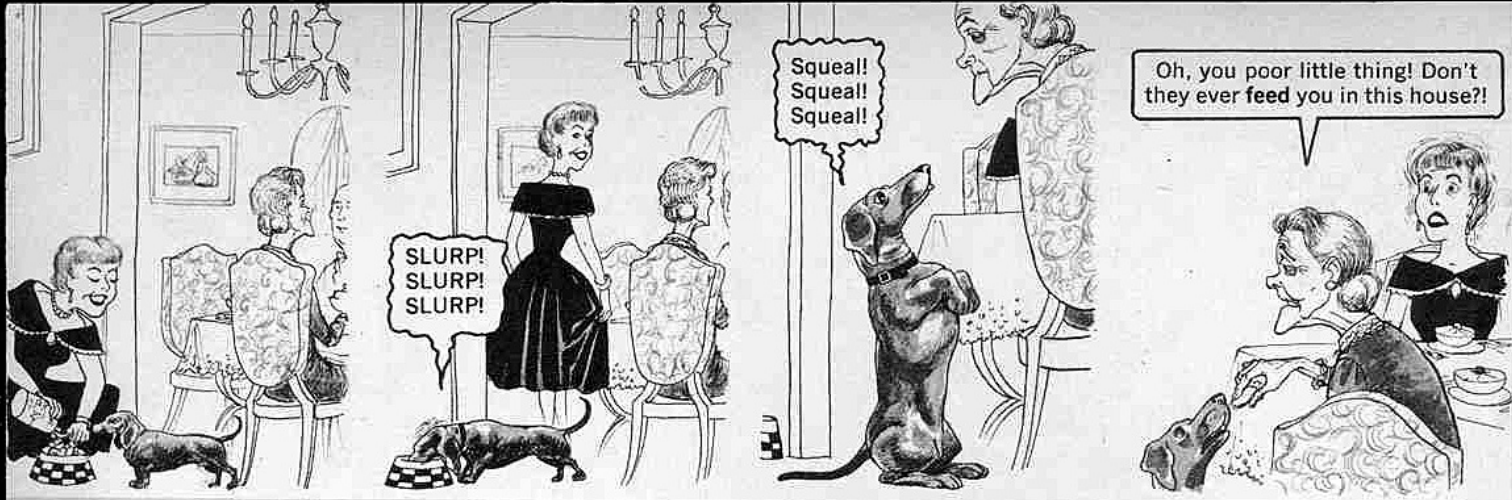


I'm warning you kids right now! There'll be no deserts unless you finish everything on your plates . . .



Well, that's more like it!!









HEY, MISTER! CAN'T YOU READ?!

DON'T BE A LITTER BUG



"Don't Be A Litter-Bug" means exactly what it says! I saw you deliberately throw an empty pack of cigarettes in the street! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Dirtying up our beautiful city!!



HEY, LADY!! CAN'T YOU READ?!

CURB YOUR DOG

DON'T BE A LITTER BUG



I've got so much shopping, I don't know where to begin!

Neither do I! Why don't we go our separate ways and meet later for lunch? Where are you going first?



Well, I've got to get some shampoo, hair rinse, nail polish, cologne, oral spray, tranquilizers, vitamins, perfume, skin cream and lolly pops!



Good! I'll meet you at the drugstore in twenty minutes

What drugstore? I'm going to the Pet Shop! I need all that stuff for the dog!

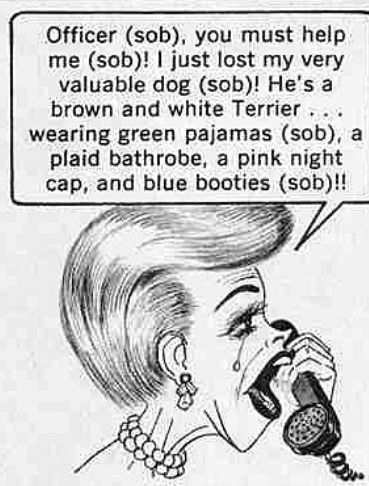


Oh, Rosalyn, I think it's adorable the way you dress up your dog!

Goodnight, everybody! And Happy New Year!!



STOP HIM, SOMEBODY! HE'S RUNNING OUT THE FRONT DOOR

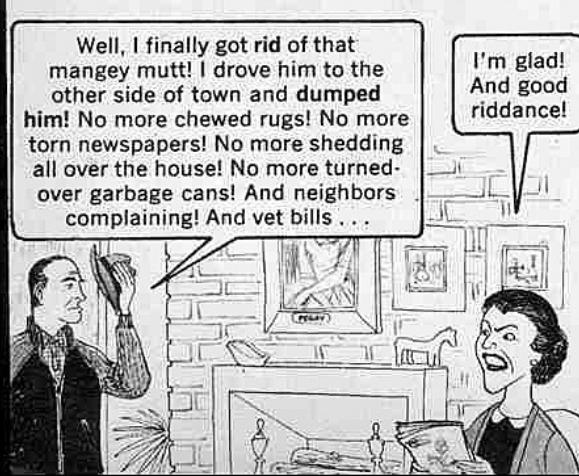


Officer (sob), you must help me (sob)! I just lost my very valuable dog (sob)! He's a brown and white Terrier... wearing green pajamas (sob), a plaid bathrobe, a pink night cap, and blue booties (sob)!!



What was all that about?

I dunno! Some drunk!!



Well, I finally got rid of that mangy mutt! I drove him to the other side of town and dumped him! No more chewed rugs! No more torn newspapers! No more shedding all over the house! No more turned-over garbage cans! And neighbors complaining! And vet bills...

I'm glad! And good riddance!



BING BONG

I'll get it!



Here's your dog, Mrs. O'Conner! I found him on the other side of town!



So where's my reward??

21



Now that the creative geniuses at the TV networks have given us those fabulously imaginative "Daily Weather Shows", it won't be long now before they turn their attentions and talents to developing other daringly new and starkly perceptive productions. F'rinstance, if they can produce a 5-minute "Special" for just the local weather, they certainly should be able to do a provocative 15-minutes with something equally dull—like the "local time". Can't you see something like this on your television screen . . .

Ladies and Gentlemen, The National Broadcasting Company presents:

# IT'S ABOUT TIME!

And here is the girl  
with **time** on her hands  
... lovely and talented  
**Miss Ticky Tock!**

Hi, there, watch-watchers! Well . . . the big hand is on  
the two, and the little hand is on the eleven . . . time  
again for **"IT'S ABOUT TIME"**! This is your **"Good-Time  
Girl"**, Ticky Tock, with the latest time reports . . .





The official United States Naval Observatory Time right now is . . . 11 minutes and 31 seconds after 11:00 o'clock!

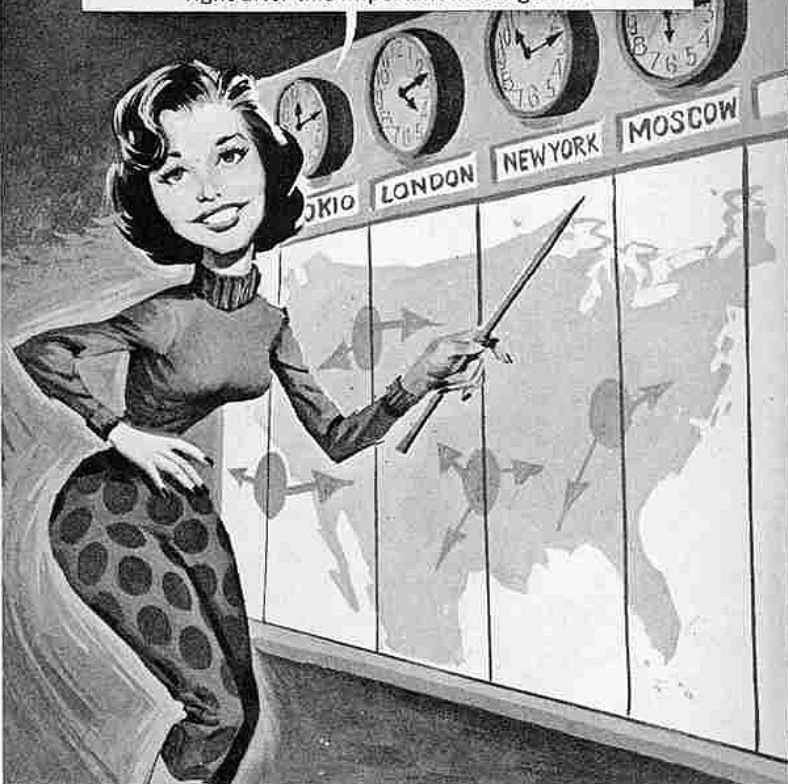
The "slow" for the day was at 3:01 A.M., when our studio clock fell a full two minutes behind, due to a blown fuse! That's the biggest "behind" we've ever had! Giggle! The old record, set back on Dec. 12, 1949, when Hurricane Melvin blew down the power lines, was 1 3/4 minutes behind! The "fast" for today was reported at 6:09 P.M., when one of our electricians plugged the big 120-volt studio clock into a 220-volt outlet!



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

And now, let's take a look at our "Time Map"! Out here around Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles, they had another day of Pacific Time . . . And here in the Mid-West, they had another 24-hours of Central Time . . . And over here around New York, New Jersey and Delaware, it was more of that familiar Eastern Standard Time those folks have been having so much of lately!

What's the time going to be like tomorrow? We'll find out right after this important message . . . !



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Folks, following "IT'S ABOUT TIME", there's an exciting evening of entertainment and informative programs in store for you. Next in sight is the stimulating "WHEN THE TIDE TURNS"—a full hour of inspired reports on the highs and lows of today's tides along both coasts. Then comes the provocative "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"—the show that answers the question: "Will tomorrow's clouds be Cumulus, Cirrus or Stratus?" And finally, to round out a perfect viewing evening, it's "EROSION INTERLUDE"—a two-hour spectacular devoted to erosion reports from across the nation! Here's your chance to see Mother Nature busy at her destructive best! And now . . . back to Miss Ticky Tock . . . !



Boy! Wow-wee! That's quite an exciting evening line-up!

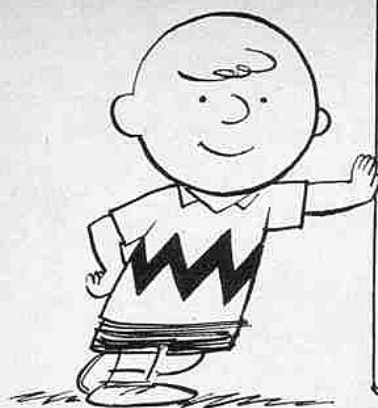
And now, what's the time going to be like tomorrow . . . ?

The latest official report tells us that it'll be pretty much the same as today! How about that?

Well, good-night, watch-watchers! Don't forget to watch "IT'S ABOUT TIME" at about this time tomorrow night! Till then, this is Ticky Tock saying, "Ticky-tock . . . ticky-tock . . . ticky-tock . . . ticky-tock . . ."

My dress from the fabulous "Second Hand Collection" of Timely Clothes. My watch by Mickey Mouse Clocks . . .

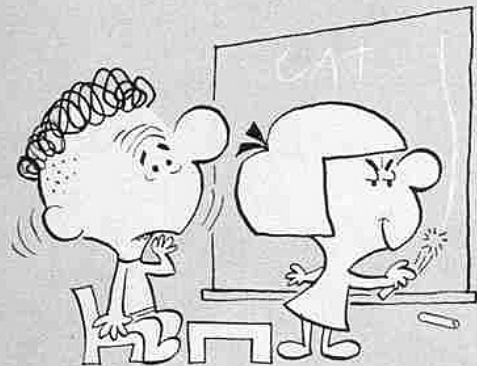




## ROASTED PEANUTS DEPT.

One of the popular best-sellers of the past year has been a charming little book by the creator of "Peanuts," Charles M. Schulz, called "Happiness Is A Warm Puppy." Using his "Peanuts" characters, Mr. Schulz explores the little things of childhood that

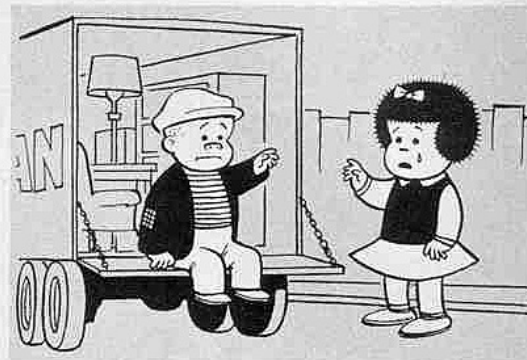
# MISERY I



**M**isery is a classmate  
screeching nails  
on a blackboard.



**M**isery is an overcoat  
that has to last for  
two seasons.



**M**isery is  
moving.

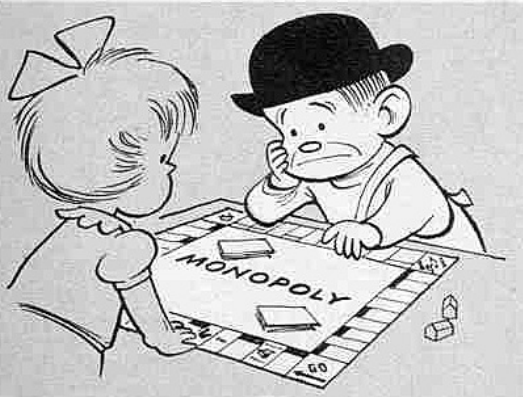


**M**isery is your  
ball down the sewer.



**M**isery is a  
sister.

**M**isery is  
having to  
share.



24 **M**isery is landing on Boardwalk with  
a hotel, just when you've gotten enough  
money to afford a house on Ventnor Avenue.



**M**isery is an ice cream pop  
falling off the stick.

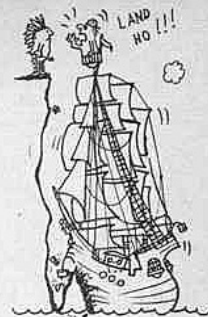


**M**isery is a knot  
in your hair.



bring happiness. For example: "Happiness is walking on the grass in your bare feet," "Happiness is three friends in a sand box ... with no fighting," "Happiness is a bread and butter sandwich folded over," etc. Which is all very well if you remember child-

hood being full of happiness. We at MAD have the distinct recollection of childhood being pretty miserable. So here is our version of how the rest of the comic strip kid-characters would show the other side of the coin in this MAD children's book called ...



# S A COLD HOT DOG

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



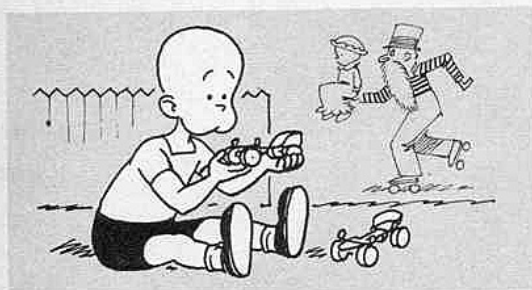
**MI** isery is the skinny end of your tie sticking out.



**MI** isery is a left-handed kid sitting next to you, whose paper is impossible to copy from, during a test.



**MI** isery is eating a peanut butter sandwich with braces on your teeth.



**MI** isery is no skate key.



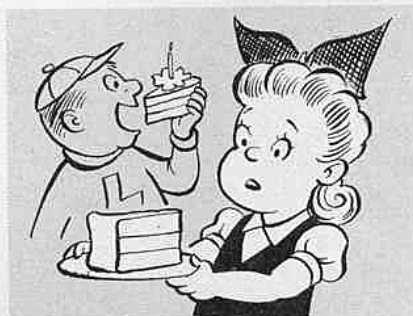
**MI** isery is finding your pet goldfish floating.



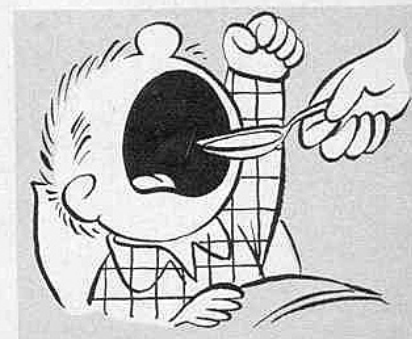
**MI** isery is the first snowfall of Winter—and you have a cold.



**MI** isery is getting lost at the beach.



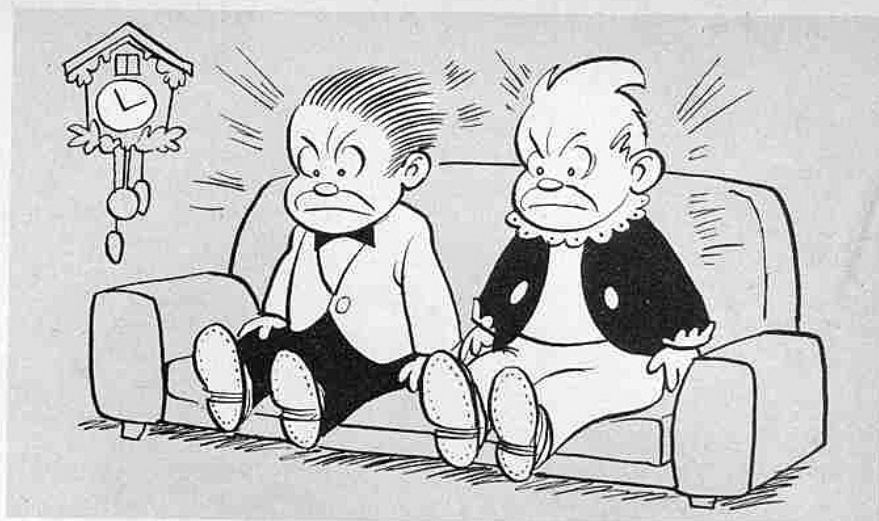
**MI** isery is a piece of birthday cake with no flower.



**MI** isery is Milk of Magnesia.



**M**ery is having to change out of a wet bathing suit under a towel at the beach.



**M**ery is being dressed up and waiting an hour before the rest of the family is ready to go out.



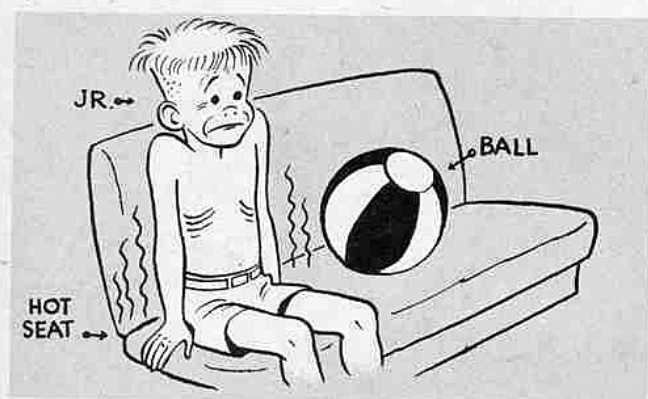
**M**ery is getting clothes instead of toys for Christmas.



**M**ery is a wet kiss on the face by an aunt with a mustache.



**M**ery is having to eat the watery part of a loose soft-boiled egg.



**M**ery is coming home from the beach and sitting on hot plastic auto seat covers wearing nothing but swim trunks.



**M**ery is a tongue-depressor.



**M**ery is finding a squashed banana in your school lunch bag.





**M**isery is buying five baseball gum cards and getting five Marv Throneberrys of the New York Mets.



**M**isery is coming home with a rip in your best suit.



**M**isery is a roll of damp caps.



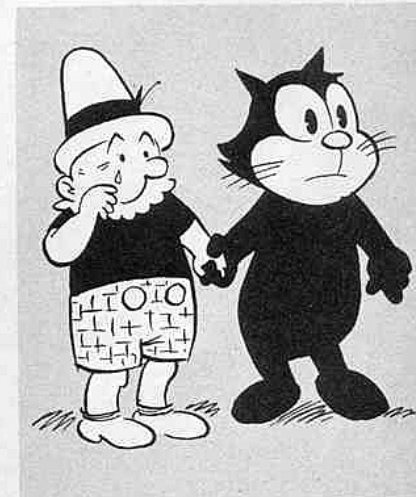
**M**isery is trying on clothes.



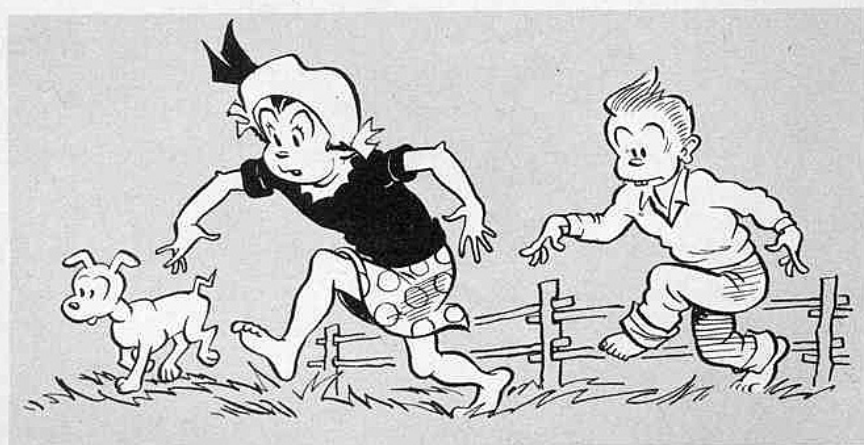
**M**isery is crayons left out in the sun.



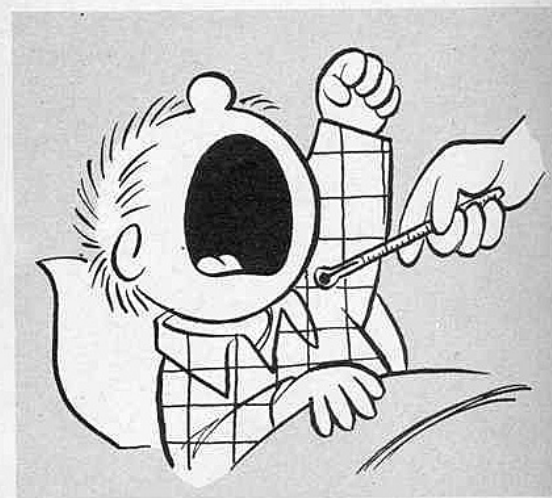
**M**isery is a sun-burned back, and then not being able to reach the good spots when it starts peeling.



**M**isery is when your parents won't let you keep a kitten you found.



**M**isery is walking in the grass in your bare feet—and then discovering you're in a cow pasture.



**M**isery is a rectal thermometer.

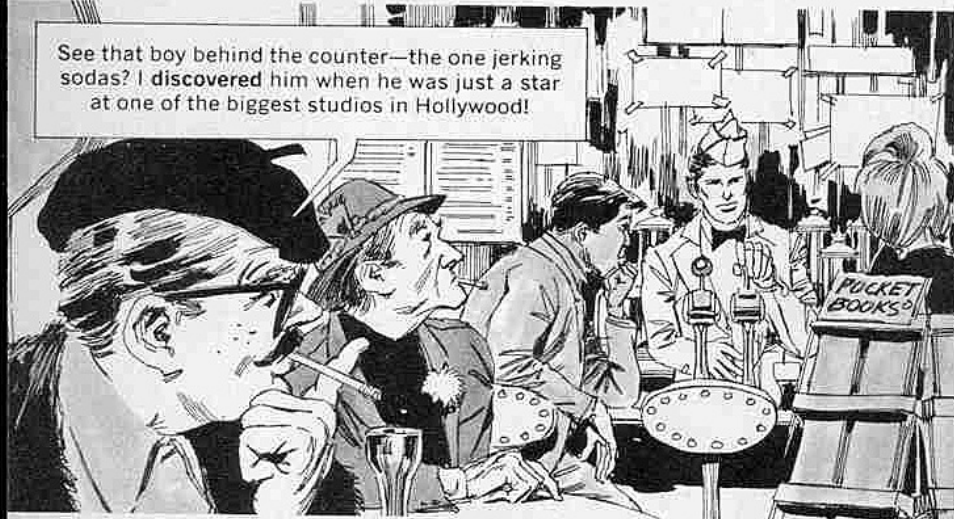
**MORE**

OFF THE BEATEN SOUND TRACK DEPT. PART II

# MOVIE DIALOGUE WE'D LIKE TO HEAR

A COLLECTION OF "REVERSE CLICHES" DESIGNED TO INJECT NEW LIFE INTO OLD "SURE-FIRE DIALOGUE"

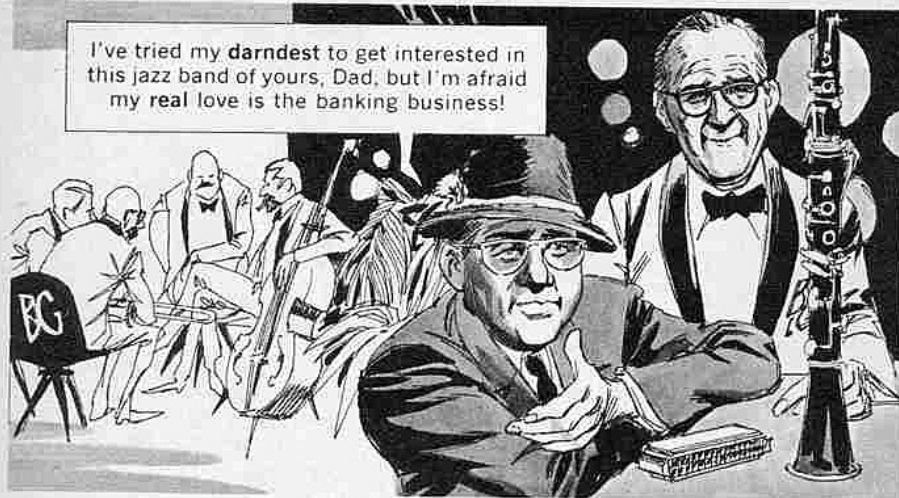
See that boy behind the counter—the one jerking sodas? I discovered him when he was just a star at one of the biggest studios in Hollywood!



Mark my words, Simpson—one of these days that keeper is going to turn on those mean cats!



I've tried my darndest to get interested in this jazz band of yours, Dad, but I'm afraid my real love is the banking business!



Sure, "Love in a Balloon" was a hit! But don't forget, Carter—you wrote that one before you stopped drinking!



ARTIST:  
GEORGE  
WOODBIDGE

WRITER: HARRY PURVIS

It'll be **your** job to keep Cartwright entertained Sneakly—while Miss Shapely here loots the safe!



This is my new concerto, Lisette! All the time while I was composing it, I never gave you a moment's thought!





A few years ago (in MAD #49), we ran an article called "A Best Seller Hits The Commercial Trail." In it, we showed how a popular best-selling book is exploited so that it makes a fortune in other areas: i.e., product merchandising, TV shows, Broadway musicals, record albums, etc. Now, three-and-a-half years later, in line with MAD's steady progress in a backward direction, we are going to show you how a book becomes a best seller in the first place. Mainly, here is MAD's version of ...

# HOW A BEST-SELLER IS BORN

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Hi, there! I'm Arnold Doubleddeal, President of the Doubleddeal Publishing Company. I'd like to tell you a little bit about the book publishing business, and explain to you exactly how we publishers work hand in hand with writers to bring to the American public the very finest in literature today ...

First of all, we publishers are constantly on the lookout for creative new writers with an original touch ...

Mr. Doubleddeal. I'm Dr. Jonah Sauk. I'm anxious to get your reaction to the manuscript I sent you, "The Benefits Of Polio Vaccine To Mankind" ...

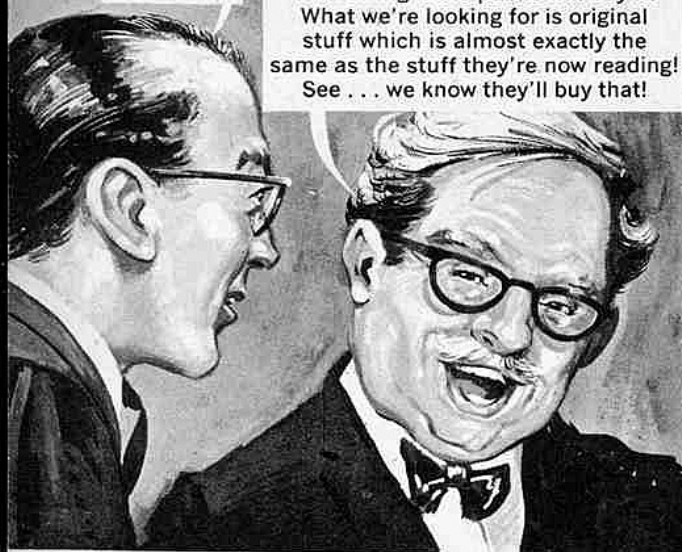
I think it's a magnificent treatise on the discovery of the Sauk Vaccine. While technical in nature, it is still excitingly presented and brilliantly conceived. I find it to be the most original piece of writing produced in this country in the last 50 years!

What I'm trying to say, Doc, is ...  
we can't use it!



But... but  
I don't  
understand!

I'll explain. Since this book is so  
original in concept, we have no way  
of knowing if the public will buy it.  
What we're looking for is original  
stuff which is almost exactly the  
same as the stuff they're now reading!  
See... we know they'll buy that!



In order to help our writers, my staff and I hold brain-  
storming sessions with them. At these sessions, we suggest  
minor changes, but we never tamper with the work itself...

Now who has  
an idea for  
a minor  
change or  
two which  
will help Dr.  
Sauk's book  
become a  
best-seller?  
Ralph?

How's this? We change the book from a medical  
treatise to a novel. We take it out of the  
laboratory and switch it to a movie lot in  
Rome. Our main character is changed from a  
famous doctor to an actress named Liz Taylor,  
and we have her fall in love with an actor  
named Richard Burton whom she meets on a  
polio shot line. The public will love it.  
They'll have all kinds of fun trying to figure  
out who the characters are in real life! We  
can call it "The Poliobaggers" or something!

That's  
absurd!  
I won't  
hear of it!



You're right, Doc. No, Ralph, in view of the  
Doctor's world-wide prestige, we need some-  
thing a bit more dignified. How's this? We  
change the locale to a polio clinic in a small  
New England town. Then we have this in-  
trigue between the so-called respectable clinic  
doctors and the wives of the townspeople.

Great! I've got  
a wonderful  
title...  
"Return To  
Polio Place"!



That's  
dreadful!  
I refuse  
to even  
consider  
it!

I guess you're right, Doc. The  
public is fed up with grim,  
serious stuff. What we need  
is something light and funny!  
Let's face it—there aren't  
many laughs in your book,  
right now!

Yes... yes,  
a funny-type  
book that  
will sell!  
Let me think.



I've got it! I've  
got it! Oh, it's so  
beautiful, it almost  
makes me want to cry!  
Listen to this...  
"The Polio Vaccine  
Coloring Book"!!!

Brilliant, Ralph! That's  
it! I want you editorial  
boys to re-write the book  
and have it ready by 11:00  
o'clock if possible. But  
don't rush it! Take until  
Noon if you have to!

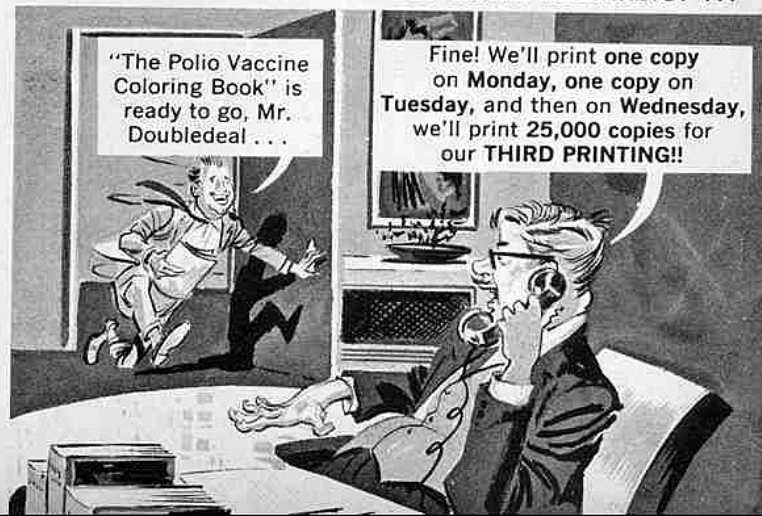
But...  
but...  
but...



There's nothing more exciting for a publisher than  
to be able to put out a book which is so hot that  
he can announce in his ads: "JUST PUBLISHED!  
AND ALREADY IN ITS THIRD PRINTING!"...

"The Polio Vaccine  
Coloring Book" is  
ready to go, Mr.  
Doubledale...

Fine! We'll print one copy  
on Monday, one copy on  
Tuesday, and then on Wednesday,  
we'll print 25,000 copies for  
our **THIRD PRINTING!!**







The dream of every author and publisher is to have their book become a selection of the "The Book Of The Week Club." This indicates that the book is of great literary value . . .

Congratulations, Mr. Doubledea! We on "The Book Of The Week Club" Selection Board have decided that "The Polio Vaccine Coloring Book" is bad enough to be included in next week's Club Selections!

Wonderful! I was sweating it out! You fellows corner the market on atrocious books, and I was worried that some of you actually thought our book was good!

BOARD ROOM



Once in a rare while, a publisher comes up with a great book which lends itself perfectly to a motion picture treatment. If he plays his cards right, he might sell it to a canny Hollywood producer . . .

Darryl, you fellows in Hollywood haven't had an original screenplay idea for 20 years, and you'll buy anything in print for adaptation. Well, we've got a new book coming out soon—by Dr. Jonah Sauk here, —which will make a great movie!

Sold! I'll pay you a half-million dollars—in small, unmarked bills, the way you like it—and then you tell me the name of the book, okay?

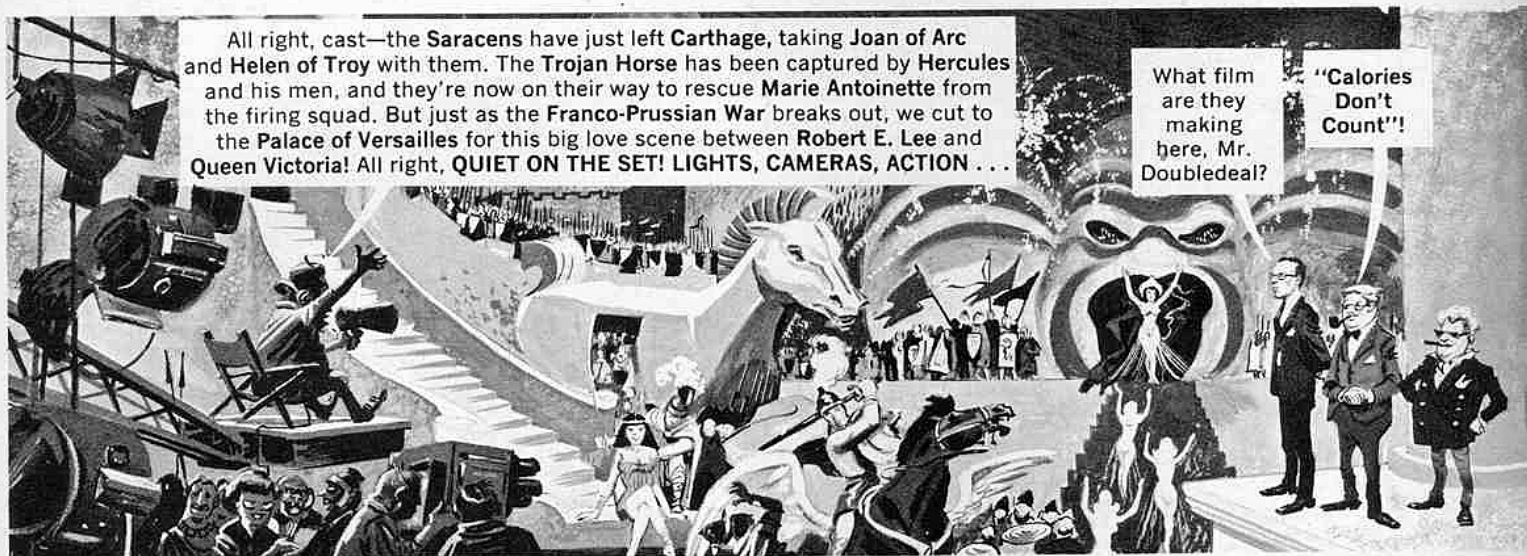
And while we're waiting for the money, why not take a walk around the lot and watch my latest movie being made?



All right, cast—the Saracens have just left Carthage, taking Joan of Arc and Helen of Troy with them. The Trojan Horse has been captured by Hercules and his men, and they're now on their way to rescue Marie Antoinette from the firing squad. But just as the Franco-Prussian War breaks out, we cut to the Palace of Versailles for this big love scene between Robert E. Lee and Queen Victoria! All right, **QUIET ON THE SET! LIGHTS, CAMERAS, ACTION . . .**

What film are they making here, Mr. Doubledea?

"Calories Don't Count!"



Before a book is published, we take our author to many scintillating cocktail parties where he meets all the important people on the American literary scene. It's wonderful for prestige purposes . . .

I read your latest book, Steve . . . "Ace Crossword Puzzles"! Loved it! Tell me, was any part of it autobiographical?

Yes—17 Across on page 34 . . . and 42 Down on page 91!

What do you find to be the underlying philosophy in Sandra Dee's new book, "Hair Styles In A Nuclear Age"?

Man's inhumanity to man! But it was all said before—and better—in "Dating And Personal Tips For Teenagers" by Yogi Berra!



Whenever a new book comes out, we try to place our author on a few select quality TV shows to plug it. We always handle this publicity with taste and care.

This is the 58th TV show Dr. Sauk has appeared on this week to plug his new book! Where will it all end?

I hear he appears as a guest cartoon character on "The Flintstones" next—and that's it!







We also have our author appear at important, carefully selected book centers to autograph copies of his book.

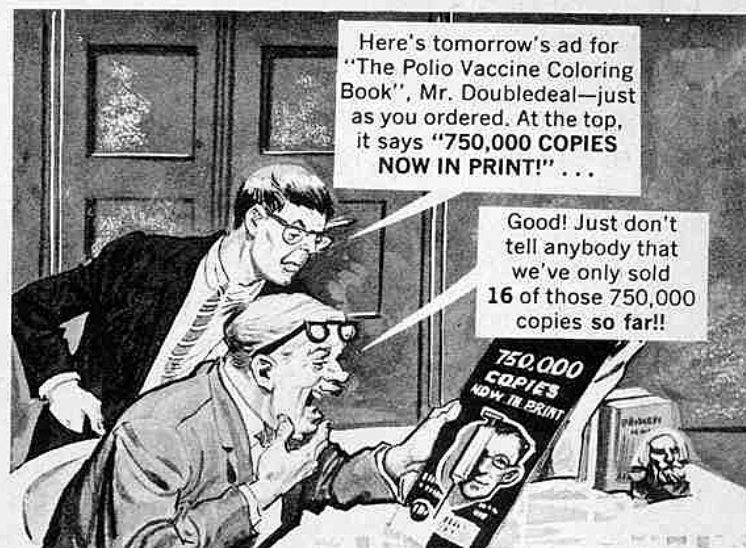
One of the happiest moments in a publisher's life is when he can use the following blurb in his ads: "750,000 COPIES NOW IN PRINT..."



I'll go to any length to stock my library with great literature, Dr. Sauk! That's why I'm so glad they're giving your book away free with every purchase of 5 cans of Schneiderman's Tuna Fish!

I hear they also sell this book at regular book stores! What's a book store, Selig?

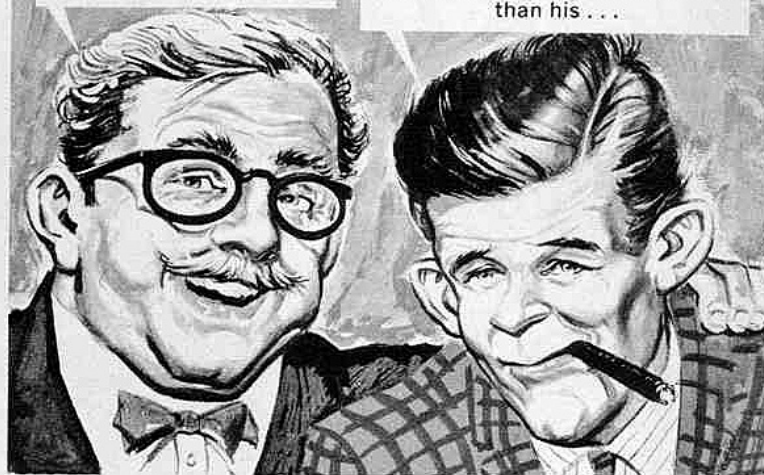
Search me! I think it's one of those places down the block where they sell greeting cards!



And of course it's a great thrill for a publisher and an author to walk past a book shop and see their book on prominent display in the window...

And now, I'd like you to meet a man who, while he is a competitor of mine, is still my very good friend, Mr. Selwyn Hopper, President of Hopper Brothers Publishing Co.

Thank you, Arnold. Hi, there! While Mr. Doubleddeal and I are in the same business, our methods of operation differ. With all due respect to him, I'd like to think that my company is a bit more distinguished and conservative than his...



**WE'RE OVERSTOCKED!**  
**EVERY BOOK IN THIS STORE NOW SELLING FOR 4c!**

Well, Doc... back to the old drawing board!



For one thing, we are even more careful than he is in not tampering with the author's work and integrity...

Mr. Hopper, you know of course what happened to my last book! It was a disgrace! Well, I've written a new book entitled "Polio Vaccine And Its Contribution to Humanity"! I've come to you with it because I know you won't resort to the same methods as Mr. Doubleddeal...

A wise move, Dr. Sauk. Yes, I think it was dreadful the way he turned your brilliant medical treatise into a disgusting coloring book. I don't believe in such ridiculous things as coloring books, especially when the author's an esteemed personage such as you! No, sir what I have in mind is:

**A PHOTO CAPTION BOOK!!**



This one will kill you, S.H.! See this news photo of the Duke of Edinburgh with his children, sitting on his horse, talking to Queen Elizabeth? Well, we give it this caption: We have the Duke saying to the Queen, "Take the kids out for polio shots? I thought you said polo shots..."

How's this for a title? "Who's In Charge Of The Shots Here?" Any of you fellows got any contributions for the book...?





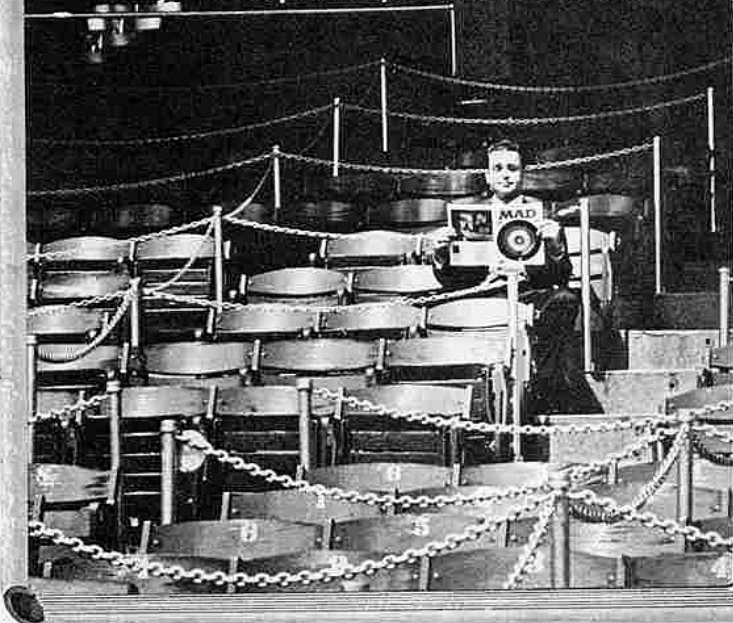
## LEARNING THE SCORE DEPT.

We could've done this next article as a "Baseball Coloring Book," but everybody's doing Coloring Books! And we could've done this article as a "Baseball Photo-Caption Book," but everybody's doing Photo-Caption Books. So we've decided to do it as a "Primer" which nobody's doing yet. Except us! We've done them... and done them... and done them! It may not be an original format, but it's seasonal. And so, with the cry of "Play ball!" being heard throughout the land... followed by the cry of "So what!", we proudly present...

# THE MAD BASEBALL PRIMER

## THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME

Easy Little Steps To Help You Get To First Base

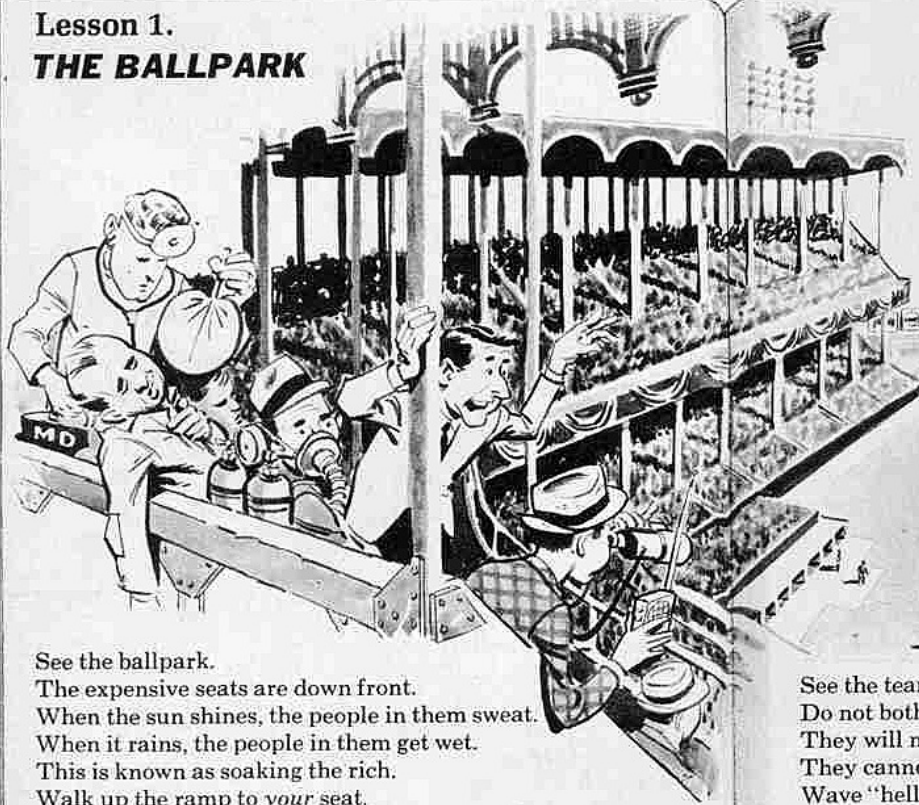


ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: STAN HART

### Lesson 1.

#### THE BALLPARK



See the ballpark.

The expensive seats are down front.

When the sun shines, the people in them sweat.

When it rains, the people in them get wet.

This is known as soaking the rich.

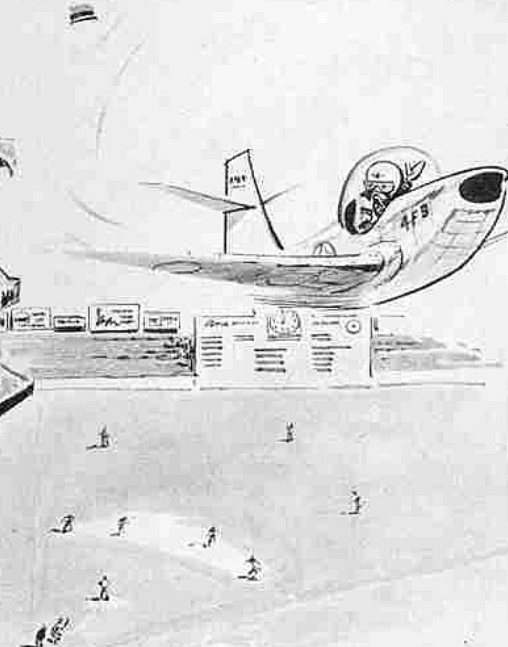
Walk up the ramp to *your* seat.

Pass the 1st tier. Pass the 2nd tier.

When you get to the top, hear the announcer.

He says, "Is there a doctor in the house?"

That's because you've just had a heart attack!



See the teams come out on the field.

Do not bother to wave "hello" to the ballplayers.

They will not wave back.

They cannot see you.

Wave "hello" to the passing airplanes.

The pilots will wave back.

They *can* see you!

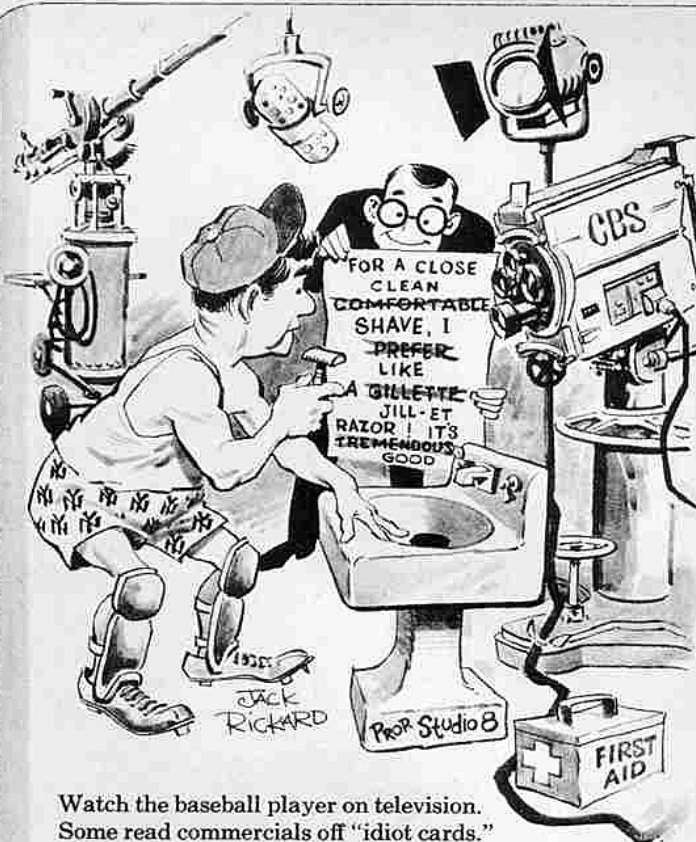
How will you know what's happening down on the field?

Simple! Listen to the game on your portable radio!

## Lesson 2.

### THE BASEBALL PLAYER

See the baseball player.  
He plays ball every day.  
People consider him a hero.  
You play ball every day, too.  
People consider you a bum.  
Everyone loves the baseball player.  
People chip in money to give him a special night.  
People who make \$85 a week.  
The baseball player makes \$75,000 a year.  
Aren't people a little mixed up?



Watch the baseball player on television.  
Some read commercials off "idiot cards."  
Some don't. They can't read at all!  
Most kids want to be baseball players when they grow up.  
What do baseball players want to be when they grow up?

## Lesson 6.

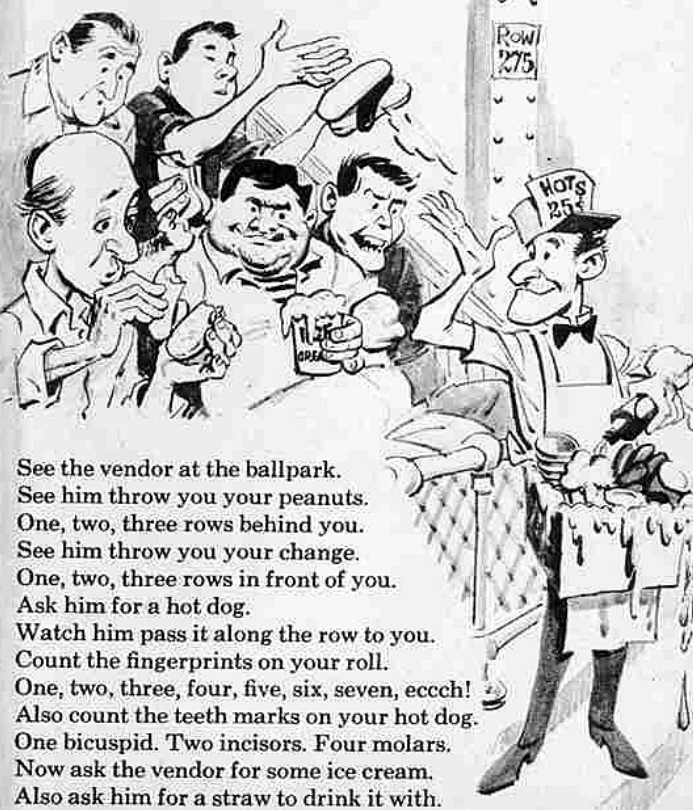
### THE KNOTHOLE GANG

See the kids in the ballpark.  
The kind management lets them in for free.  
No one else wants to see the 10th-place team play.  
The management wants to keep the kids off the street.  
Because on the streets, a kid can't buy  
\$10 worth of hot dogs from the management.  
After the game, the kids wait for the players.  
They want to get autographs.  
Sometimes the poor ballplayer has to push his  
way through the crowd of kids.  
Maybe you will be lucky.  
Maybe you will get knocked down by Roger Maris.



## Lesson 7.

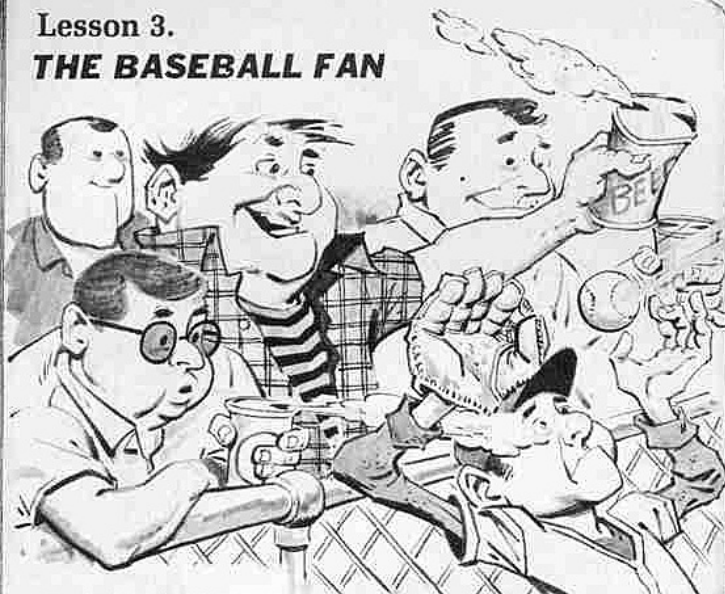
### THE BALLPARK VENDOR



See the vendor at the ballpark.  
See him throw you your peanuts.  
One, two, three rows behind you.  
See him throw you your change.  
One, two, three rows in front of you.  
Ask him for a hot dog.  
Watch him pass it along the row to you.  
Count the fingerprints on your roll.  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eccch!  
Also count the teeth marks on your hot dog.  
One bicuspid. Two incisors. Four molars.  
Now ask the vendor for some ice cream.  
Also ask him for a straw to drink it with.

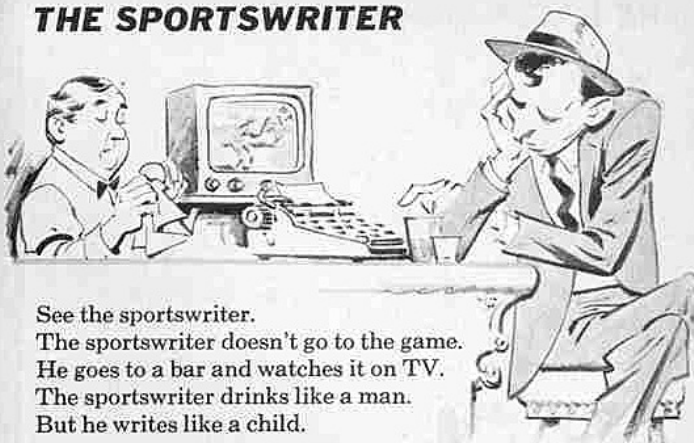


### Lesson 3. THE BASEBALL FAN



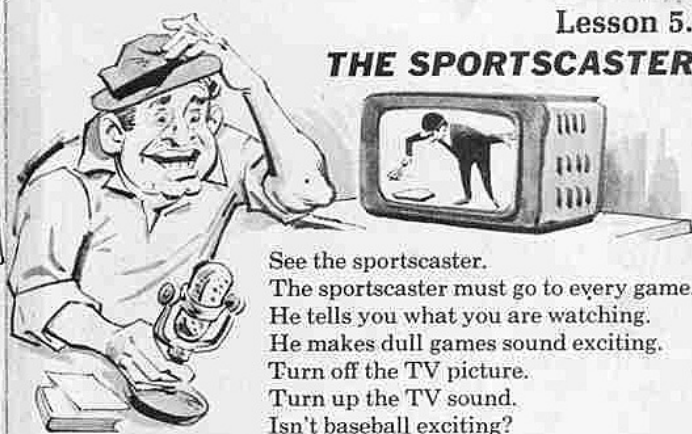
See the baseball fan.  
He knows the names of all the baseball players.  
He doesn't know the names of his children.  
The baseball fan has a head for figures.  
He knows everyone's batting average.  
He doesn't know his own telephone number.  
He knows the 3rd-string catcher for the Mets.  
He doesn't know who Kennedy is.  
The baseball fan is over 21.  
He can vote in elections.  
He can sit on juries.  
It makes you stop and think!

### Lesson 4. THE SPORTSWRITER



See the sportswriter.  
The sportswriter doesn't go to the game.  
He goes to a bar and watches it on TV.  
The sportswriter drinks like a man.  
But he writes like a child.

### Lesson 5. THE SPORTSCASTER



See the sportscaster.  
The sportscaster must go to every game.  
He tells you what you are watching.  
He makes dull games sound exciting.  
Turn off the TV picture.  
Turn up the TV sound.  
Isn't baseball exciting?

### Lesson 8. THE PARKING LOT



See the parking lot.  
This is where you park your car.  
See the attendant.  
He sits and watches.  
He watches kids steal your hub caps.  
Also your antenna, spare tire and seat covers.  
The parking lot attendant is very athletic.  
He is a racing car driver.  
Did you know you owned a racing car?  
V-rrroom! Screeech! Craashh!



The parking lot attendant will give your car a dent.  
In return, you must give him a tip.  
Sometimes a ball is hit out of the stadium.  
Sometimes it lands in the parking lot.  
Then you might bring home a souvenir of the game.  
Like a shattered windshield.

## POP'S CORN DEPT.

Some time ago—mainly 33 issues back—we ran a selection of "Mother's Day Cards From Special People." Since then, we've been waiting for some reader to

suggest that we run a selection of some "Father's Day Cards From Special People." Unfortunately, we have received no such letters. As a matter of fact, we've re-

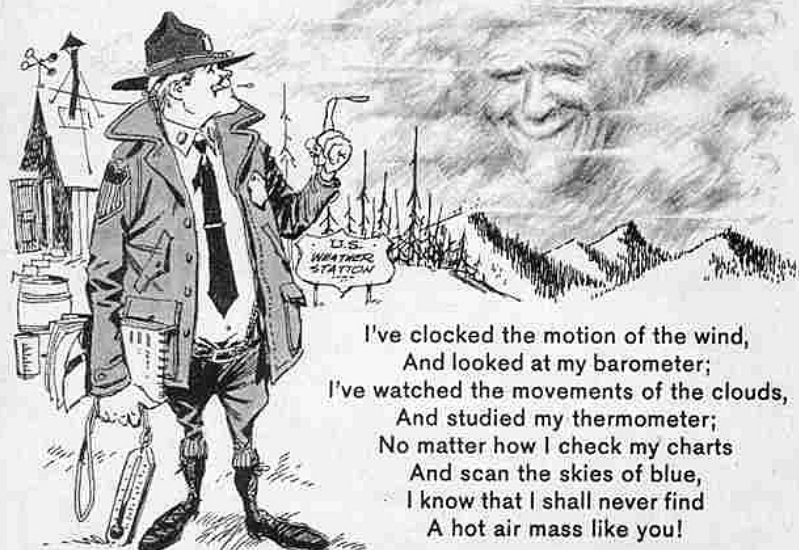
# FATHER'S DAY

## FROM SPECIAL

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE  
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

### From a WEATHERMAN

#### To Dad—



I've clocked the motion of the wind,  
And looked at my barometer;  
I've watched the movements of the clouds,  
And studied my thermometer;  
No matter how I check my charts  
And scan the skies of blue,  
I know that I shall never find  
A hot air mass like you!

### From a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

#### To Dad—

I've covered riots in Berlin  
and fighting in Algiers;  
I've tangled with Katanga tribes  
and dodged their poison spears;  
I've seen the savage Red Chinese;  
I've braved the atom bomb;  
But nothing, Dad, will ever beat  
Those fights you have with Mom!



### From a CHEF

#### A Recipe for Dad!



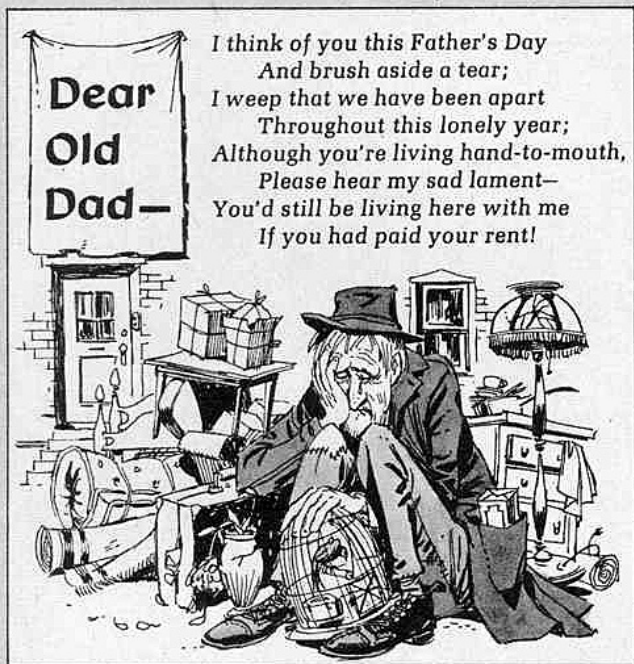
First pour in kindness, wisdom, cheer,  
Good fellowship and trust;  
Then blend in patience, courage and  
A viewpoint that is just;  
A pinch of wit and merriment  
Completes this loving snack;  
I know that you'll enjoy it, Dad,  
'Cause all these things you lack!



ceived hundreds of letters asking us not to run a selection of "Father's Day Cards From Special People," which is why we now proudly present this selection of

# CARDS PEOPLE

From a LANDLORD



I think of you this Father's Day  
And brush aside a tear;  
I weep that we have been apart  
Throughout this lonely year;  
Although you're living hand-to-mouth,  
Please hear my sad lament—  
You'd still be living here with me  
If you had paid your rent!

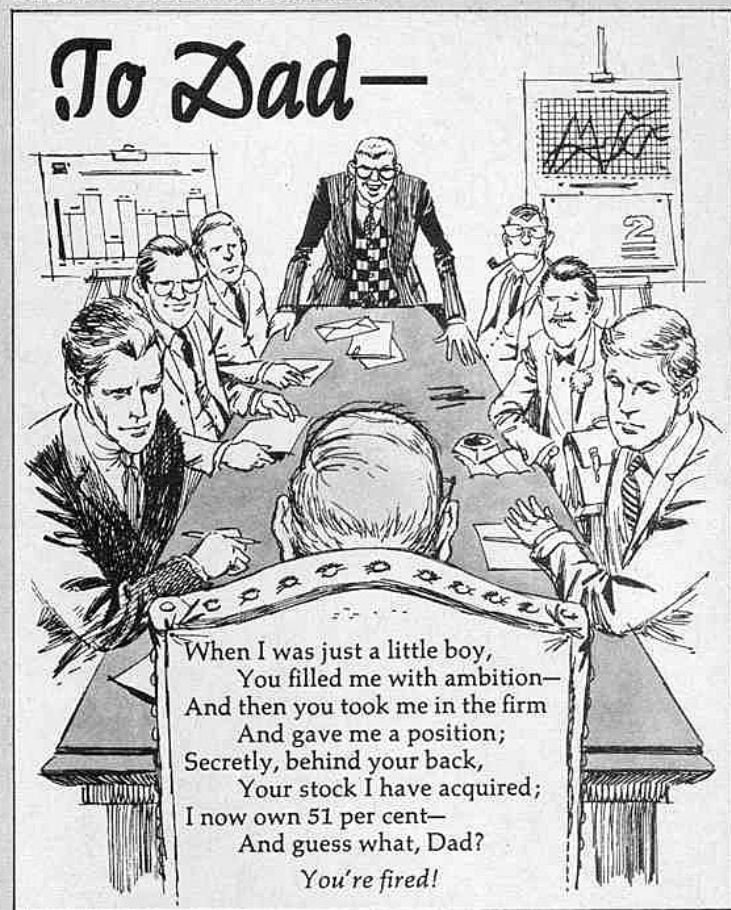
From a DOCTOR



Your pancreas is calcified;  
Your fibroblasts are clotting;  
And near your seventh vertebra  
A spinal disc is rotting;  
Your liver's twice its normal size;  
One lung is turning gray;  
I hope your life is filled with joy  
This happy Father's Day!



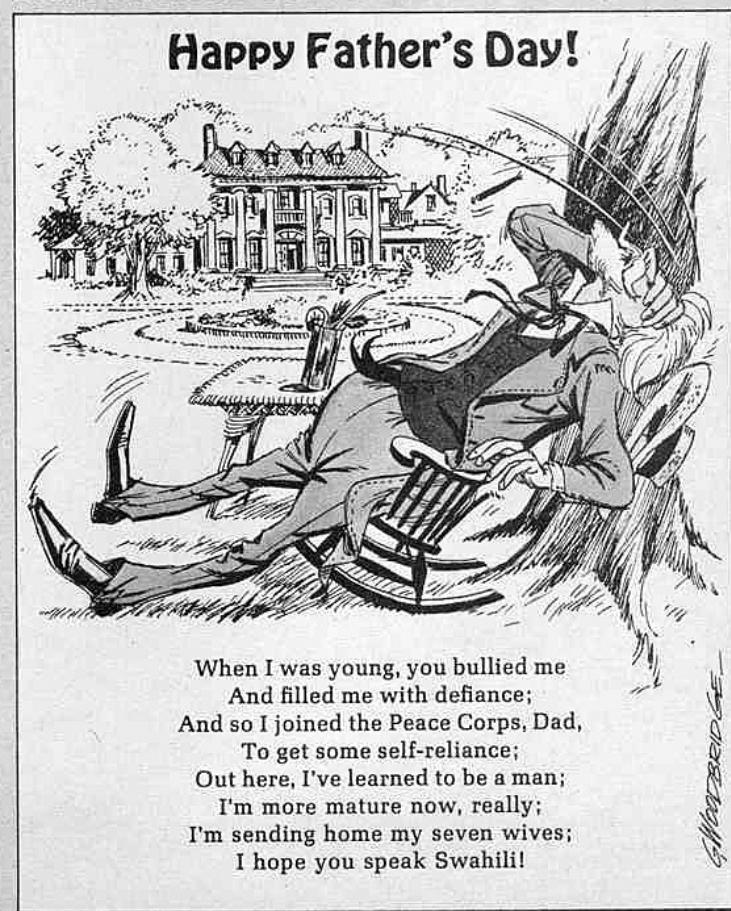
From a BUSINESSMAN



## To Dad—

When I was just a little boy,  
You filled me with ambition—  
And then you took me in the firm  
And gave me a position;  
Secretly, behind your back,  
Your stock I have acquired;  
I now own 51 per cent—  
And guess what, Dad?  
You're fired!

From a PEACE CORPS MEMBER



## Happy Father's Day!

When I was young, you bullied me  
And filled me with defiance;  
And so I joined the Peace Corps, Dad,  
To get some self-reliance;  
Out here, I've learned to be a man;  
I'm more mature now, really;  
I'm sending home my seven wives;  
I hope you speak Swahili!

# THE REJEC

WRITER AND ARTIST: TOM HUDSON

Editor  
MAD Magazine  
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

Upon bringing to a close my career as an unsuccessful cartoonist I find that my voluminous collection of rejection slips does not include one of yours (see sketch below).

Would you be kind enough to send me a MAD rejection slip and thus complete my collection? Thanks very much.

Sincerely,

*Tom Hudson*



# MAD

Dear Mr. Hudson:

We found your idea for "Rejection Slips From Various Magazines" highly amusing and have assigned the article to one of our regular writers. We are pleased to enclose a check in payment.

Cordially,

*Albert B. Feldstein*  
Albert B. Feldstein,  
Editor

Editor  
MAD Magazine  
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

Thanks for the check, but please, please could you spare me one rejection slip?

As my wife would say, "Is my 'slip' showing?"

Haha. (see sketch).

*Tom Hudson*



# MAD

## MEMO

FROM:  
William M. Gaines  
Publisher

TO:  
Al Feldstein  
Editor

Dear Al:  
Just happened to run across that "slip-showing" cartoon while nosing around your desk. I think it would make a great cover painting...with Alfred standing on some big fat dame's slip at a real fancy costume ball, and looking out at the reader with his typical "What--me worry?" grin. What do you think?

*Bill*

P.S. Will you see that a check is sent to Hudson for this cover idea.



# TION SLIP

Editor  
MAD Magazine  
New York, New York

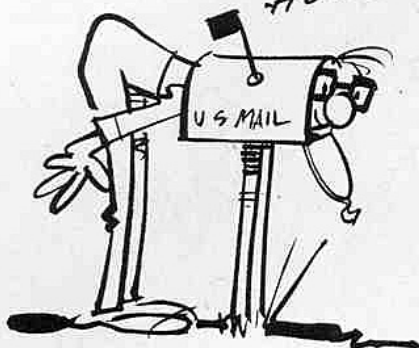
Dear Sir:

I am afraid that you have missed the point of the whole thing. My letter was a request for you to send me one of your rejection slips and not intended to be a contribution to your magazine.

I'm still looking! (see sketch)

Sincerely,

*Tom Hudson*



## MAD

Dear Mr. Hudson:

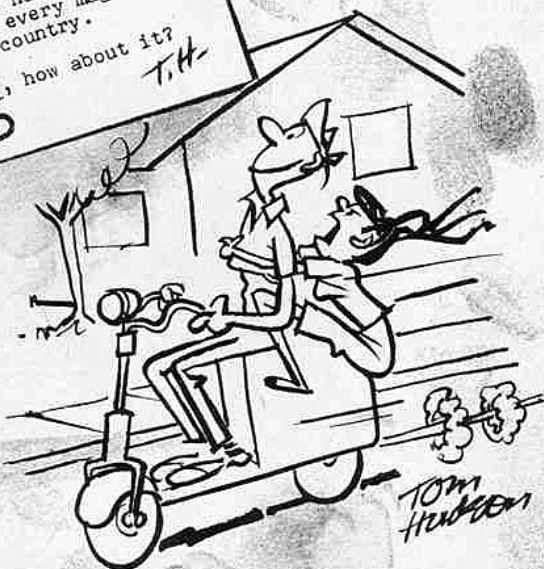
Thank you for sending us your delightful "Mail Box" cartoon. We all enjoyed it very much, and plan to use it as the new heading for our "Letters Dept." Enclosed, please find our check in payment.

Sincerely,

*Al Feldstein*

Al Feldstein,  
Editor

Enclosed is an ancient gag that has been turned down by every magazine in the country.  
NOW, how about it?  
*T.H.*



"Remember, you promised - no more drive-in movies!"

## MAD

Dear Tom:

Your hilarious "Drive-In Movie" cartoon broke up the entire office, and served as a springboard for a "Drive-In Movie" article.

Enclosed please find check in payment. You're doing great! Keep those ideas coming!

MAD-ly yours,

*al*



**MAD**

THE EDITORS REGRET  
THAT THE ENCLOSED  
MATERIAL IS NOT  
SUITABLE FOR OUR  
CURRENT NEEDS.

Editor  
MAD Magazine  
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Feldstein:

I cannot thank you enough! I realize now how ridiculous it would be for me to give up cartooning.

You will be happy to know that I have burned all my rejection slips and am embarking on a brand new career.

Am enclosing ten cartoons that I am sure you will find just right for MAD. Thanks again.

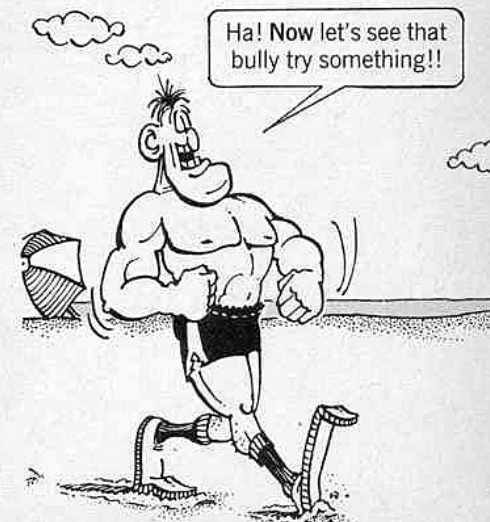
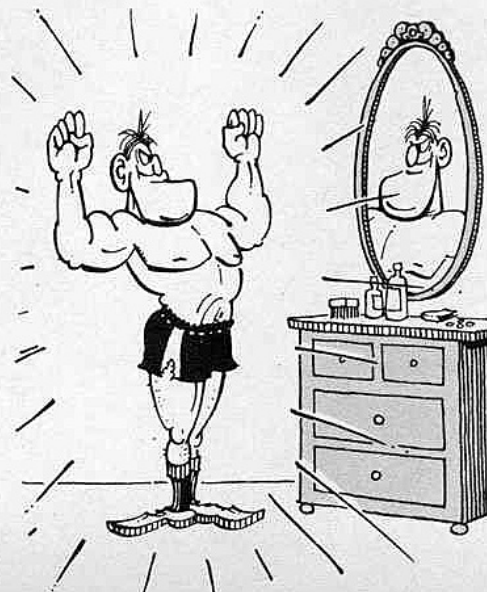
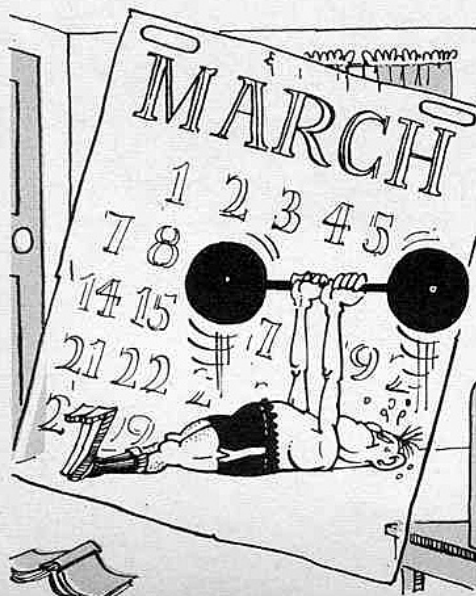
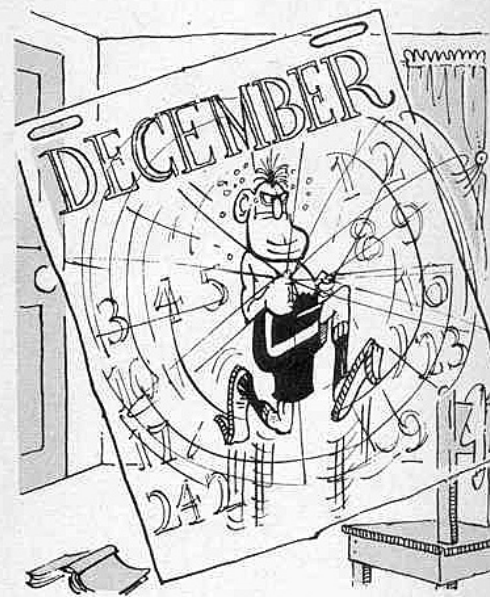
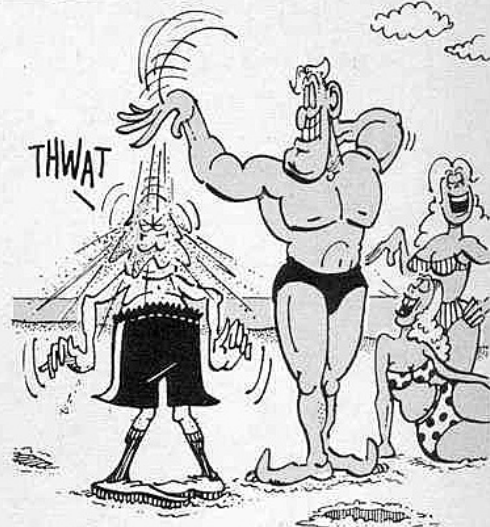
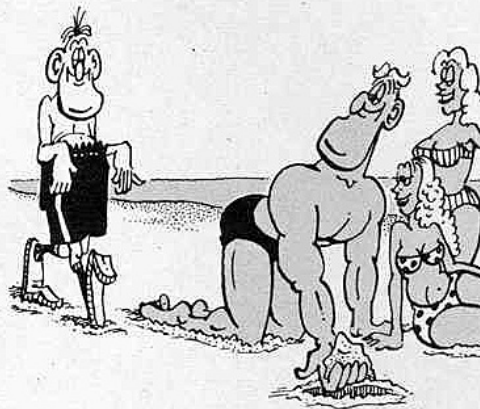
Sincerely,

*Tom  
Hudson*

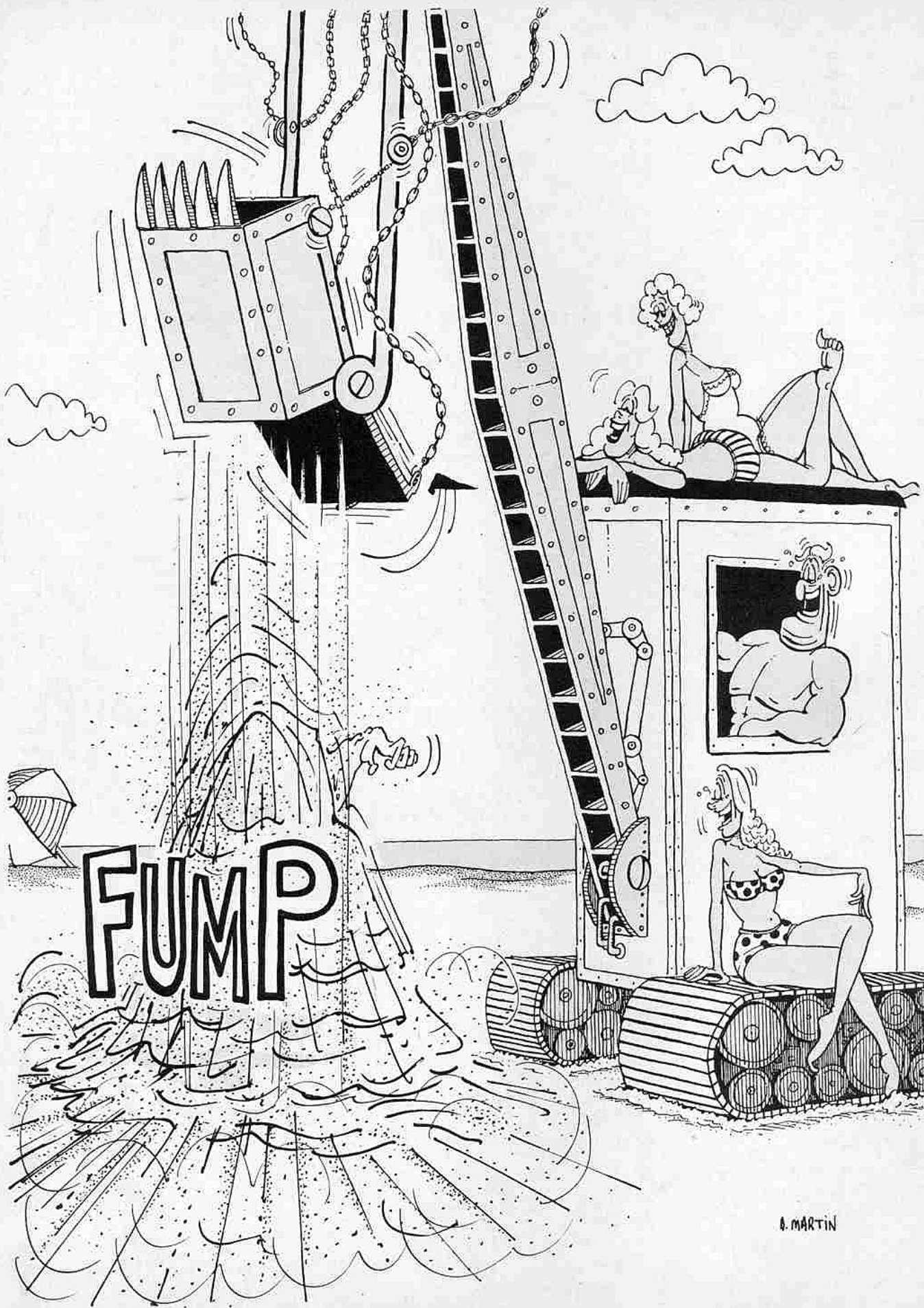




# ON THE BEACH



Ha! Now let's see that bully try something!!



S. MARTIN



## THAT'S HOW THE KOOKIE CRUMBLES DEPT.

A few issues back, we discussed how those sneaky TV networks developed the "Doctor Show" to replace the "Crime Show" and still give the viewer all the blood and gore he craved. Now, some creative genius has come up with a new gimmick—a TV Psychiatrist who specializes in working with the *criminally insane*! Here, then, is MAD's version of the show that combines the worst elements of the "Doctor Show" and the "Crime Show"—not to mention the "Lawyer Show" . . . the "Psychiatrist Show" called

# THE TENTH HOUR

(SLIGHTLY LATER IN THE CENTRAL TIME ZONE—OR MAYBE IT'S EARLIER! CHECK YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR THE CORRECT LISTING!)

I see two men! One is rich and handsome—the other is a poor schnook! The rich handsome man is killing the poor schnook by beating him with a hairbrush . . .

Hmmm! You poor devil! Your condition is much worse than I thought! Tell me—where do you see this hallucination?

Why, on your shirt, Dr. Bassethound! You are giving me the ink-blot test, aren't you?

What ink-blot? I had spaghetti for lunch!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Well, our time is up, Mr. President. The Secret Service men are here to escort you back to the White House. I'll see you tomorrow—same time?

I'm afraid I won't be able to make it! I'm holding a Press Conference tomorrow!

COME, PIERRE!

Nurse, do I have any more appointments today?

The District Attorney is here, Doctor!

Send the poor fellow in!

Dr. Bassethound, I've got a tough case on my hands, and I'm going to need your help to wrap it up!

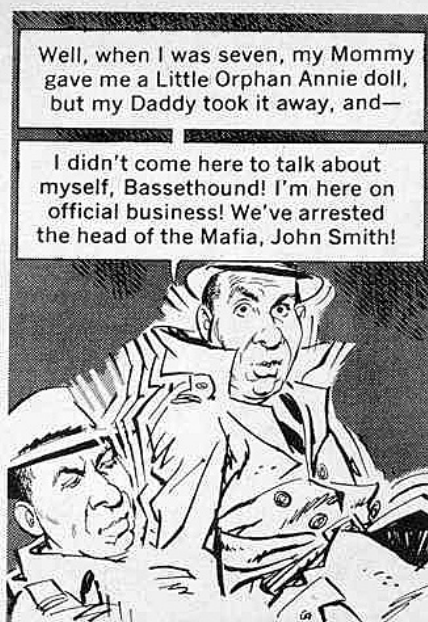




Lie down and tell me all about it!

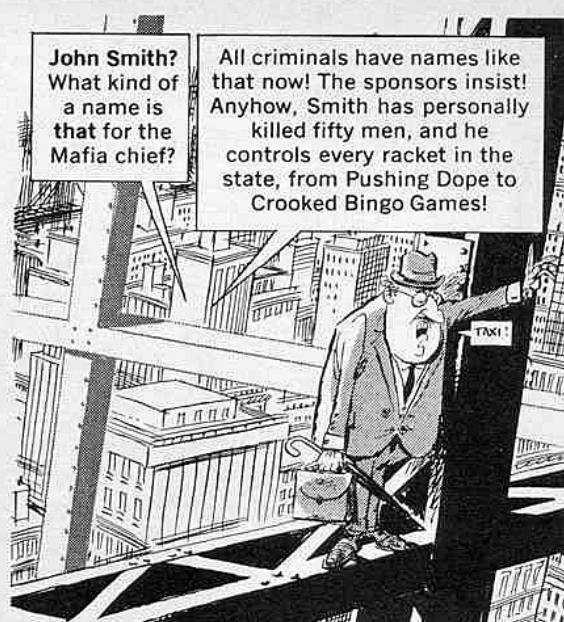
Thanks! I am a bit tired—

All right! Now relax and talk! Tell me about your childhood—



Well, when I was seven, my Mommy gave me a Little Orphan Annie doll, but my Daddy took it away, and—

I didn't come here to talk about myself, Bassethound! I'm here on official business! We've arrested the head of the Mafia, John Smith!



John Smith? What kind of a name is that for the Mafia chief?

All criminals have names like that now! The sponsors insist! Anyhow, Smith has personally killed fifty men, and he controls every racket in the state, from Pushing Dope to Crooked Bingo Games!

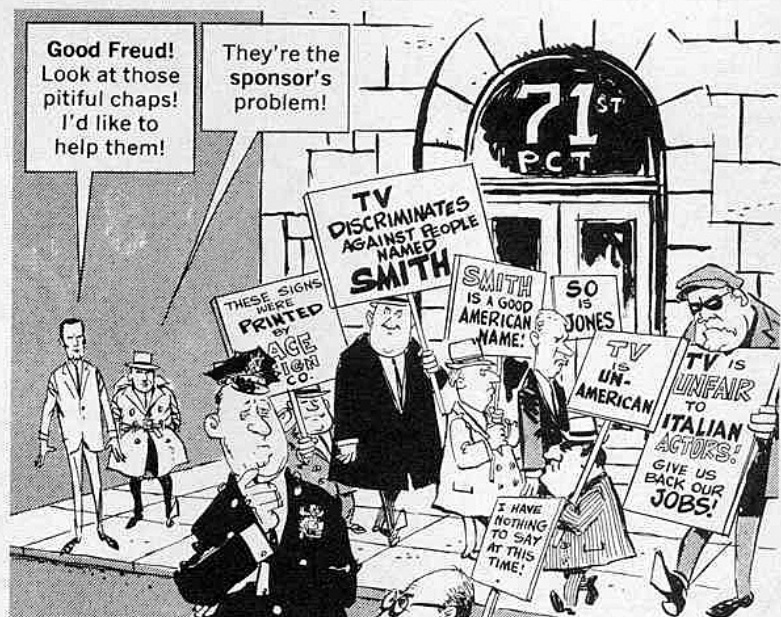


He sounds like a remarkable man! What charge did you arrest him on?

Income Tax Evasion—What else?

He claimed his goldfish as dependents! And now, he's trying to get off by copping a plea of insanity!

By Jung! This sounds like an intriguing case. I'd like to get started immediately!



Good Freud! Look at those pitiful chaps! I'd like to help them!

They're the sponsor's problem!

TV DISCRIMINATES AGAINST PEOPLE NAMED SMITH

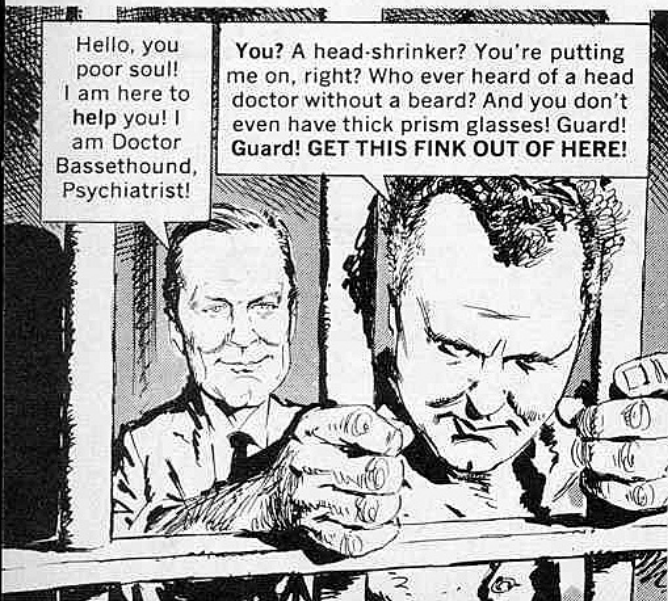
SMITH IS A GOOD AMERICAN NAME!

SO IS JONES

TV IS UNFAIR TO ITALIAN ACTORS!

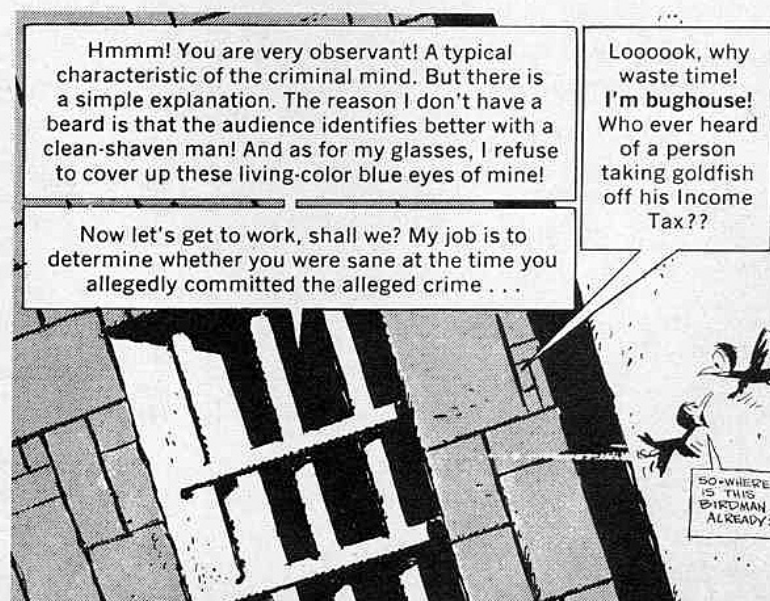
GIVE US BACK OUR JOBS!

I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY AT THIS TIME!



Hello, you poor soul! I am here to help you! I am Doctor Bassethound, Psychiatrist!

You? A head-shrinker? You're putting me on, right? Who ever heard of a head doctor without a beard? And you don't even have thick prism glasses! Guard! Guard! GET THIS FINK OUT OF HERE!



Hmmm! You are very observant! A typical characteristic of the criminal mind. But there is a simple explanation. The reason I don't have a beard is that the audience identifies better with a clean-shaven man! And as for my glasses, I refuse to cover up these living-color blue eyes of mine!

Now let's get to work, shall we? My job is to determine whether you were sane at the time you allegedly committed the alleged crime...

Looooook, why waste time! I'm bughouse! Who ever heard of a person taking goldfish off his Income Tax??

SO-WHERE IS THIS BIRDMAN ALREADY?



I don't find that strange! As a matter of fact, I have a **parakeet** to which I am extremely attached! His name is **Sigmund**...

What are you, some kind of nut? Man, like, don't you know them birds can talk? Like suppose the lousy rotten screws pick you up—that bird is liable to squeal on you!

But Sigmund is not a **Stool Pigeon**—he's a **parakeet**!

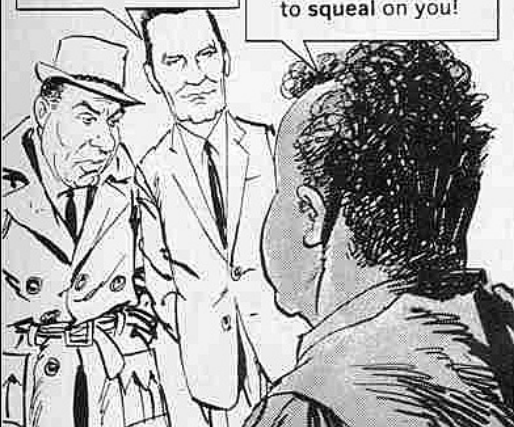
Listen Doc, I'm giving you the straight dope! You can't trust nobody!

Ah, a classic example of a paranoid personality. Tell me about yourself, Mr. Smith!

Not me! I ain't no fink!

Everything you say will be held in the strictest confidence!

Okay, maybe you can help me with my problem. Like I'm always a "Guest Star"! I mean, like why can't I have my own show?



You mustn't think of yourself as inferior because you're just a guest star. Why, on this program, we've billed you as a "Special Guest Star"!

**BIG DEAL!** What do **YOU** know about it?!! All you doctors have your own shows! Did you ever hear of a crook having his own program? Answer me **THAT!!**

Please try to stay calm! There's no need to shout!

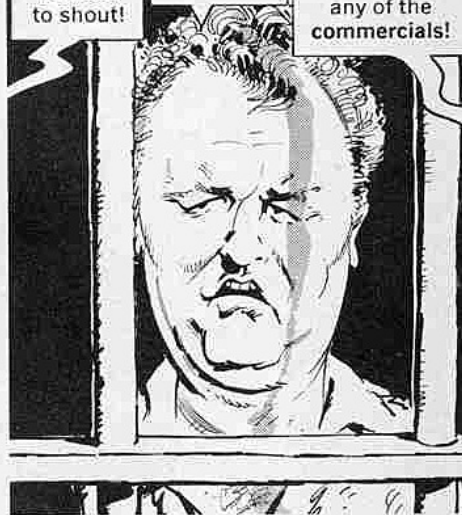
Who's shouting!? **THIS IS THE WAY I ACT!!**

No wonder you don't have a show of your own! You're louder than any of the commercials!

Now let me try to help you! Look into my eyes! You're feeling very tired! Your eyes are heavy! You're getting very sleepy... sleepy!

Knock off the hypnotism bit, Doctor Bassethound! You're putting the audience to sleep!

Don't worry! When I'm on—**NOBODY SLEEPS!!**



Well, Dr. Bassethound, is John Egghead insane?

I thought his name was **Smith**?

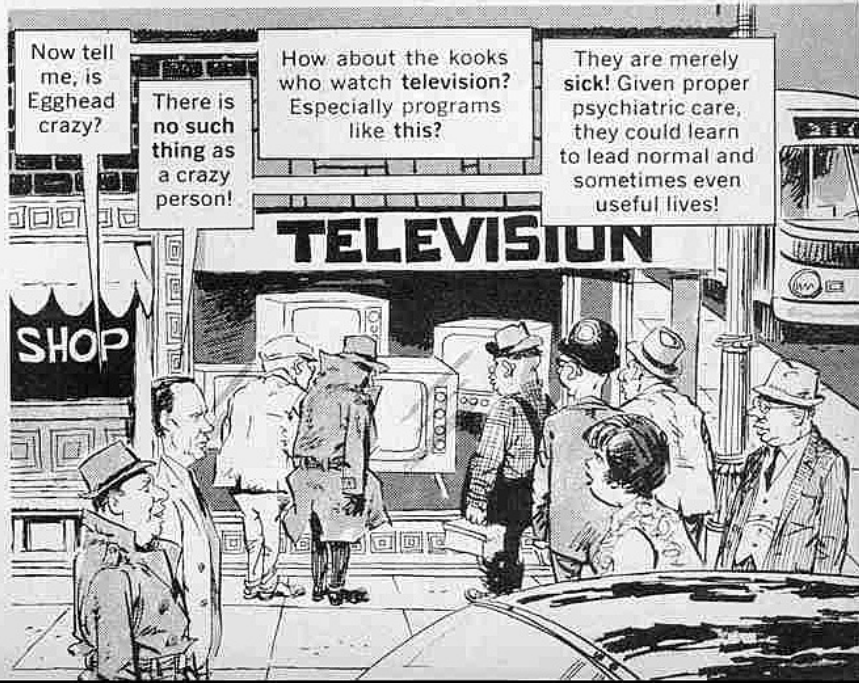
The sponsors changed it! They figured having a crook named "Egghead" would keep all the pressure groups that watch television happy!

Now tell me, is Egghead crazy?

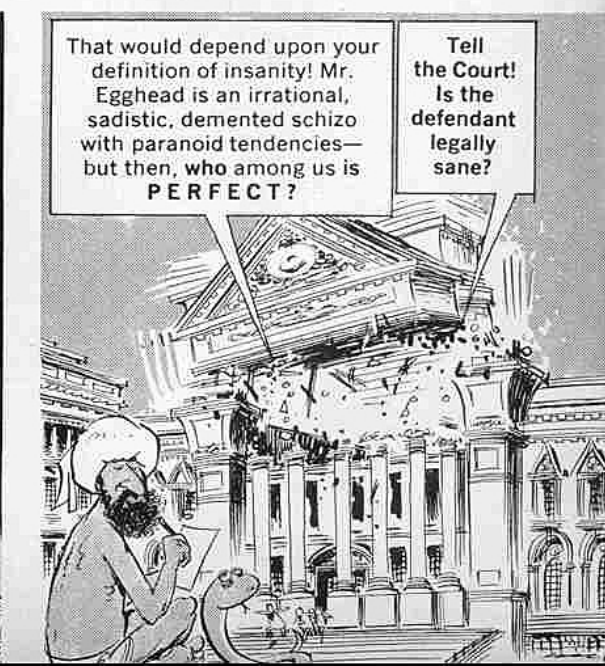
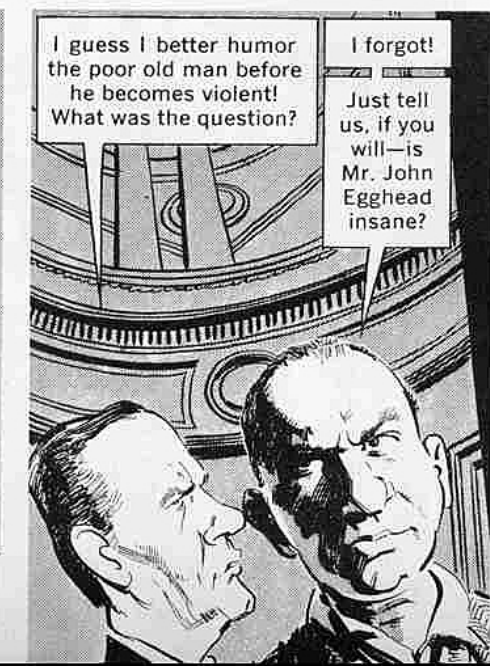
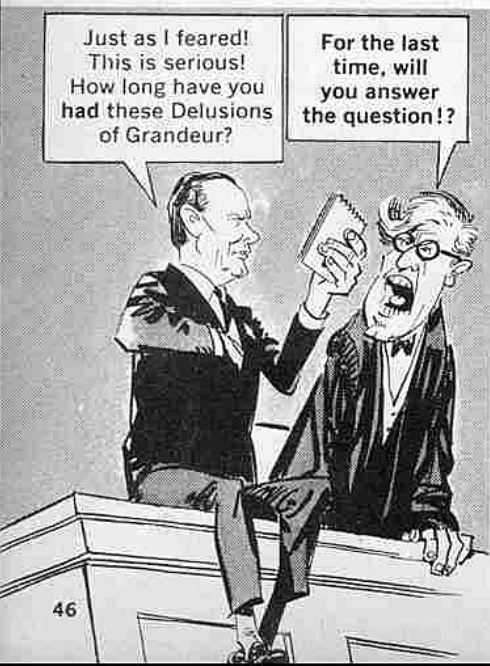
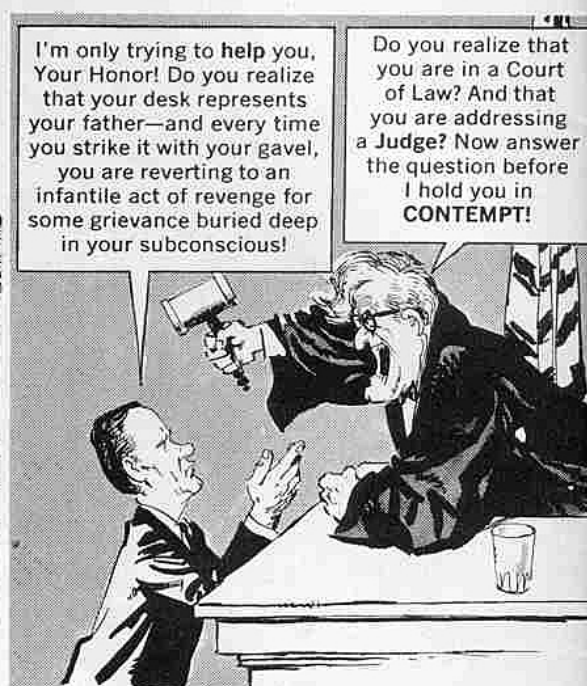
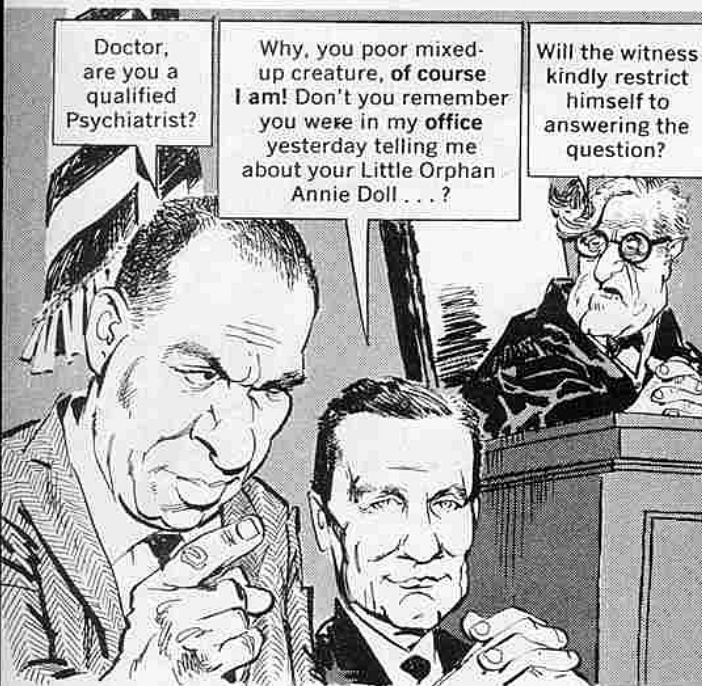
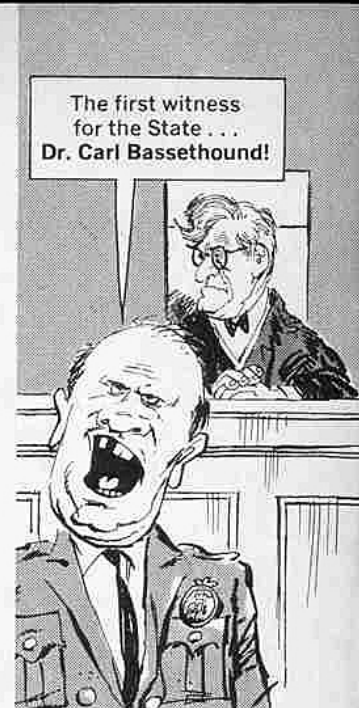
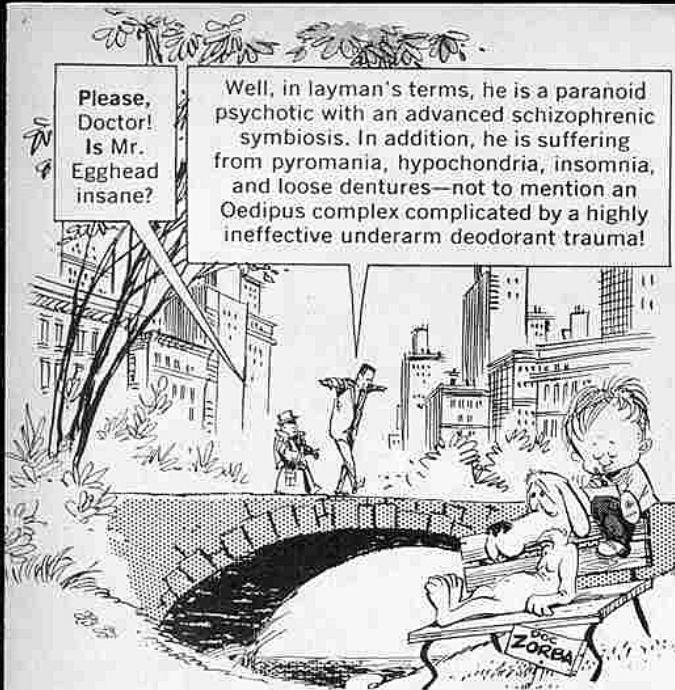
There is no such thing as a crazy person!

How about the kooks who watch television? Especially programs like this?

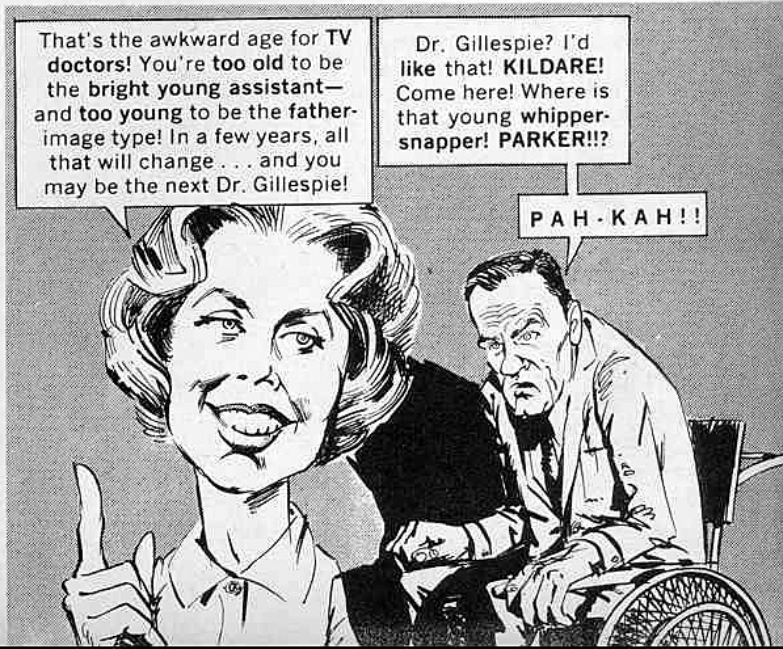
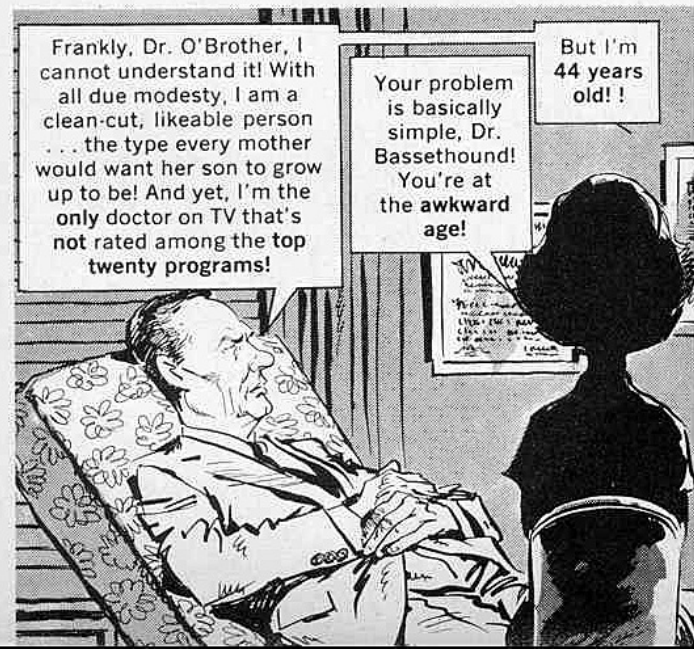
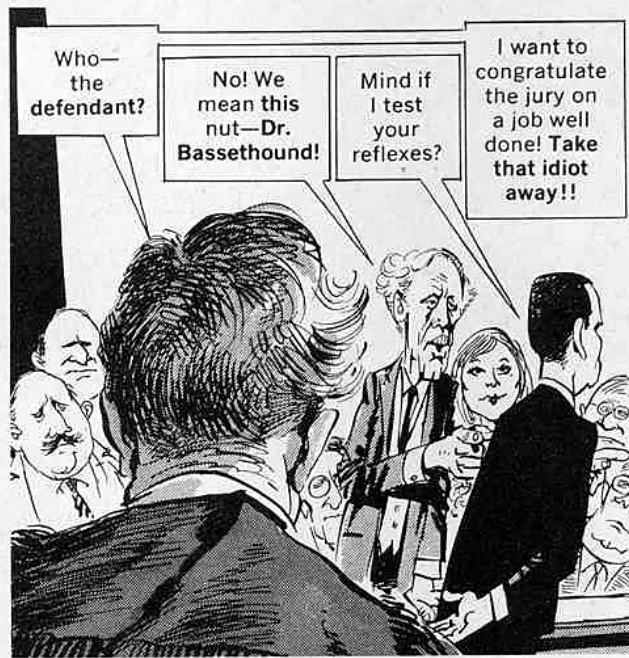
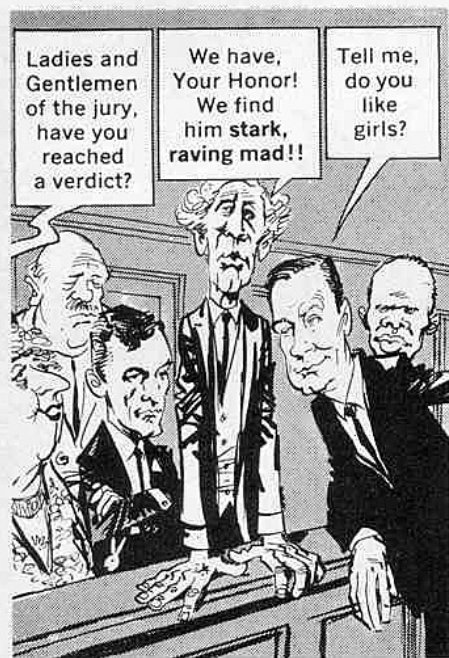
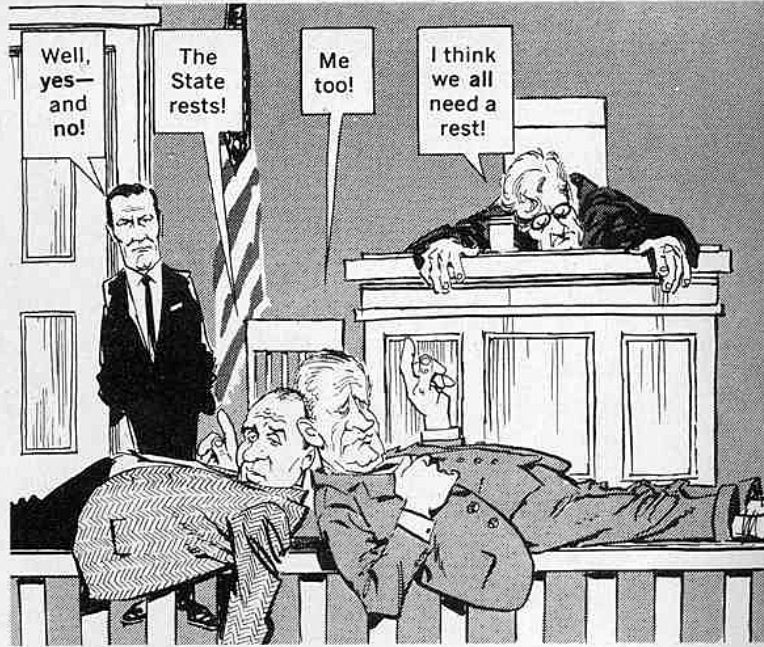
They are merely sick! Given proper psychiatric care, they could learn to lead normal and sometimes even useful lives!









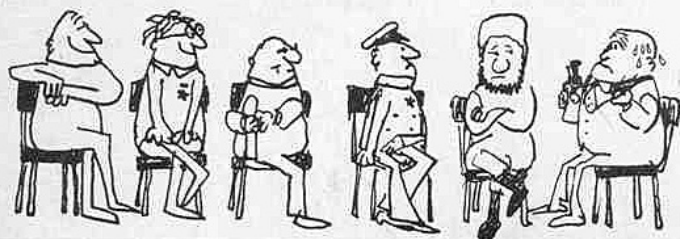




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ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

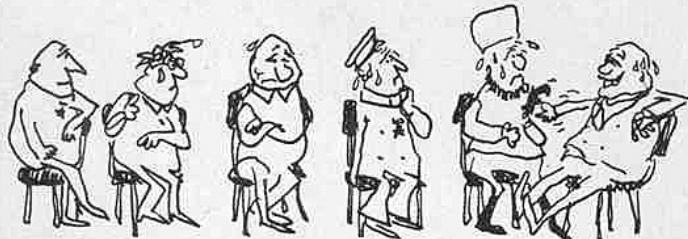
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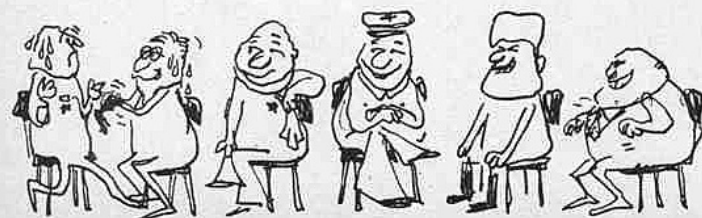
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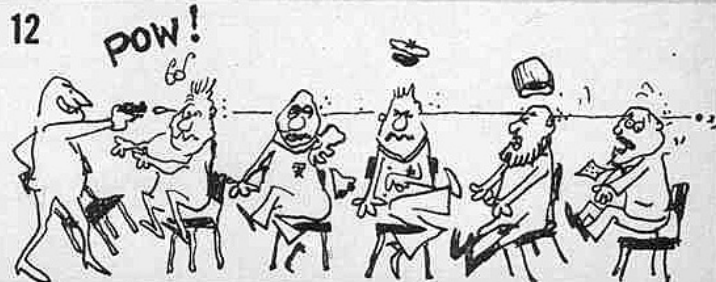
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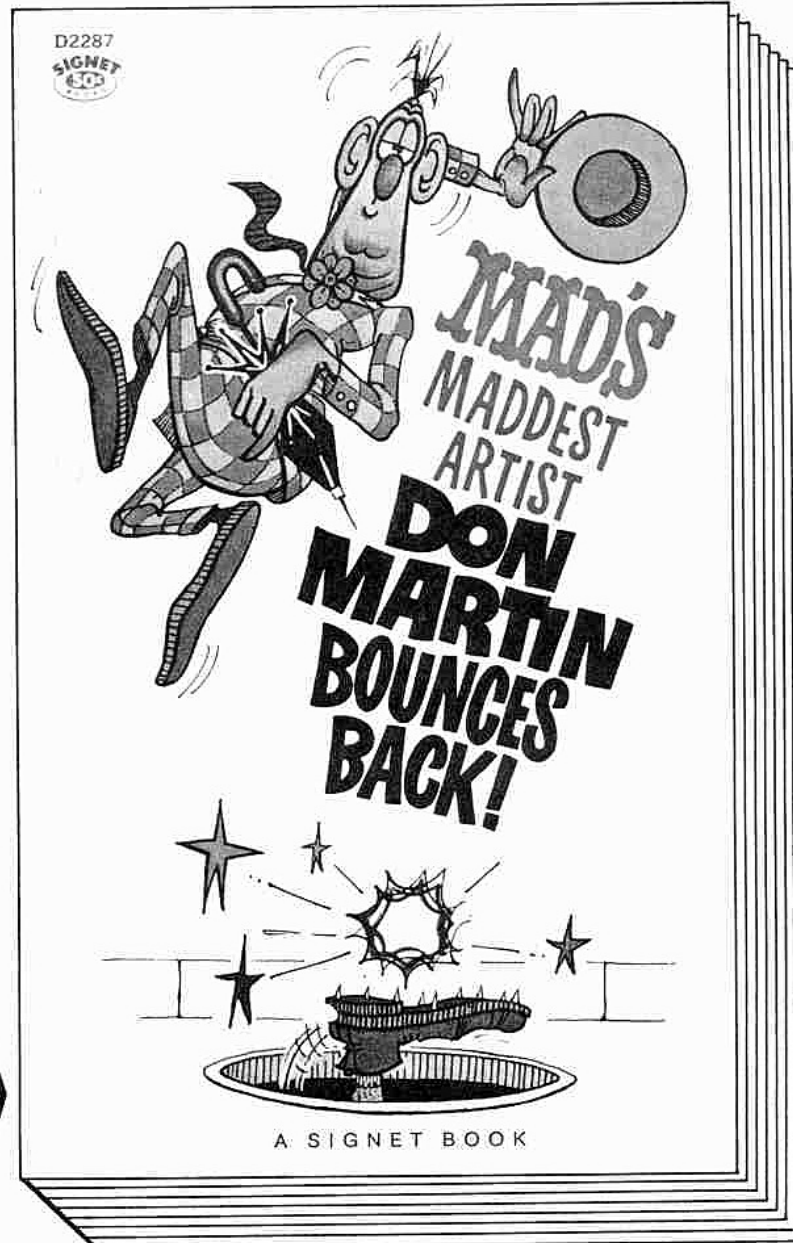
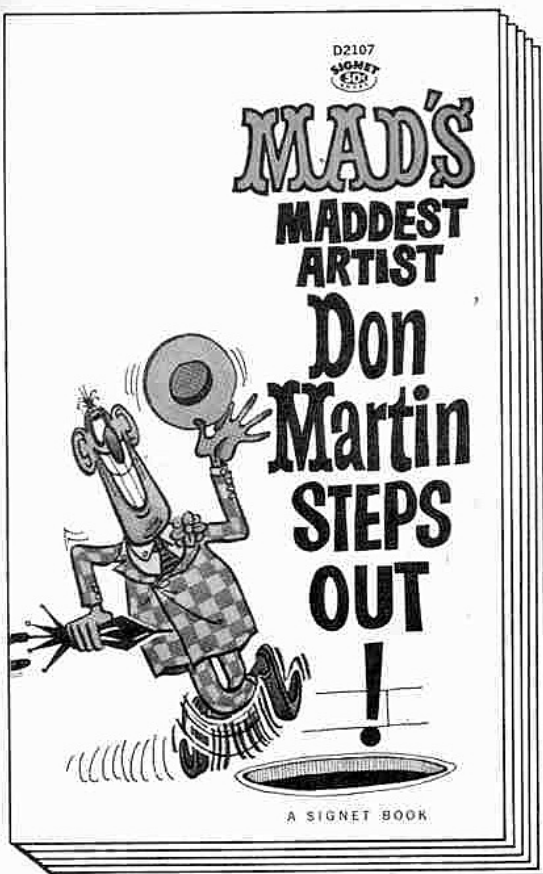
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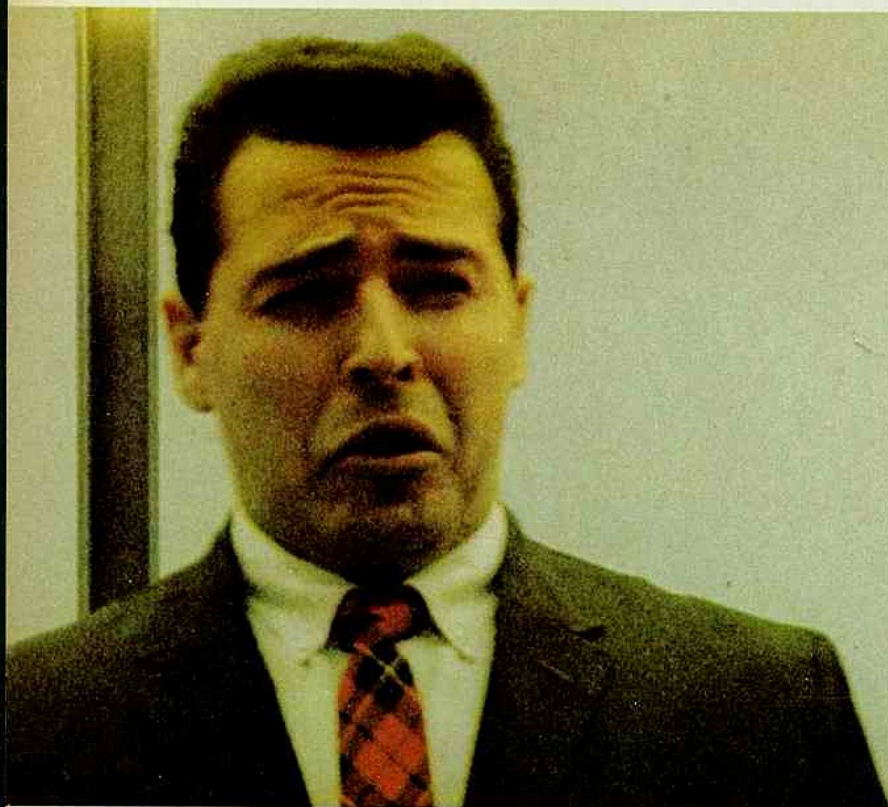
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